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BIRDS IN WINTER.

The birds have been called God's Messengers ever since that old and holy time when the prophet Elijah, waiting for his evening meal, saw the broad-winged ravens painted black upon the golden sunset, which flooded with glory the brook Cherith, by which he knelt. Our Saxon ancestors called those birds that built about the churches God's Birds, and held them in as great reverence as those which reared their nests against the temples erected by David and Solomon.

We read of winters in England so severe, even within the last century, that nearly all the small birds perished. There were very few robins, wrens, linnets, or larks seen the following spring, and it was the end of summer before any young birds appeared. During those hard winters thousands of birds were picked up frozen to death, for all the rivers were ice-bound, and it was so cold that the oil was frozen in the street-lamps, and they could not be lighted, so that the towns were left in darkness. Freezing showers often fell during those hard old winters, coating every thing they touched with clear bright ice, even the plumage of the birds; while the crimson holly-berries showed as if they were under glass, and the moss and lichen looked like jewels inclosed in crystal cases. How do the small birds live during our severe winters? Where do they find their food?

Even in the severest weather there are millions of leaves in our forests amidst which insects are to be found. Then, too, the birds find berries in considerable quantities. There are also myriads of insect-eggs glued on tree, bush, or hedge, to foliage that never falls, and these the birds find out and devour; and well would it be if our gardeners looked a little more closely to the few leaves which remain on the fruit trees at the end of winter, for they will be found covered with squares of insect eggs, all glued so close together that it is difficult to force the point of a fine needle between the rows. Amidst mosses, among withered grass, in the open hollows of no end of weeds and reeds, in decayed wood, in the thatch of stacks, dwellings, and outhouses, insects are concealed, and seeds are to be found which are only visible to the sharp sight of birds. We see them searching every hole and cranny in old walls, holding on by their claws and the pressure of their tails, and can fancy that the light of their sharp, flashing eyes must be as startling to the poor insects they fasten upon as the bull's-eye of a policeman's lantern is when turned upon a concealed felon. In farm-yards, in places where flocks and herds are foddered, amidst every variety of foliage and herbage, the birds find food that we know nothing of. Watch some bird busy pecking, then kneel down and examine the ground closely, and all you find will be grit, sand, and loam—to your eye nothing else is visible: what else might be revealed can only be discovered through the aid of a microscope. The sight of birds is marvelous. They will drop down like a stone upon an insect from such a height as in our eye would render it as indistinct as a grain of sand on a gravel walk.

The birds pass two-thirds of their time in mid-winter in sleep, during which they require no food. The same Providence which causes so many created things to hibernate during the period they would perish for want of food if awake, also provides rest and sleep for the birds, during which they feel no hunger, and renders the few brief hours of winter daylight long enough to gather a sufficiency of food before retiring to roost.

Chief favorite of all our winter birds is the little robin. He never leaves us, but still sings the old year out and the new year in, as his forefathers did, centuries before a Christmas carol was heard. His beautiful red breast and the crimson holly-berries are generally the only bits of warm coloring we see out of doors, where all the landscape is whitened with winter. He hops on the window-sill, leaving the print of his long claws in the snow, while he peeps through the pane with his bold black eyes, asking, in his way, for food, and will enter the room, after a few visits, if he is treated kindly. He has such winning ways that all the children love him, and would not harm him for the world, were he caught and placed in their hands. How delighted the children are to stand at the door and feed the birds in winter, to watch their shy habits, as they draw nearer and nearer until they reach the furthermost crumb; then they open their wings and are off in the twinkling of an eye! Throw up a few shovelfuls of earth in the garden, and there the robin is rummaging among it to see what he can find, almost before our back is turned; or else we find him perched, impudently, on the handle of the spade we had left sticking in the mould, and singing away, with all his might, as if trying how much space he could fill with his song, since all the other birds are silent. Neither does he forsake us for long together, either in spring or summer, except at breeding-time, but comes every now and then, as if just to look on and say he has not forgotten us. Then he comes again, with his little family about him in their juvenile suits; and you must look very close at them to see a likeness, for they are too young to wear the red waistcoat—the proud crest of the house of the Robins: but they will put it on in autumn, and be able to take a part in the Christmas carols.

In England, where the climate is less severe than in this country, the scene which we illustrate on this page is a very common one in the winter. There the wrens, robins, and finches are frequent visitors at the window. And as for the sparrow, it is never absent. They are the plague of the English farmer. They eat up the early seeds which he sows in February. They are born thieves, and are even said to fight each other in the winter for no other reason than to keep warm.

There are thousands of secluded homesteads scattered over England, where tender-hearted children may be seen administering "out-door relief" to the birds in winter, such as our artist has so beautifully pictured. The speckled fieldfare and the bud-picking bull-finches gaze timidly from the branches of the holly-tree; while the shy, wild blackbirds seem afraid to draw nearer, and the thrush crouches low, as if he feared the noisy sparrows, who make themselves quite at home any where. The timid green-

BIRDS IN WINTER—OUT-DOOR RELIEF.

finch, the graceful chaffinch, and the merry wagtail seem shy, though the chaffinch has approached so near to the noisy sparrows; while bold Robin Redbreast has ventured on the window-sill, and we see a sweet face turned toward him from behind the diamond-shaped lattice.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

UNION.

IT is a matter of sincere congratulation that the vote upon the Suffrage in the District of Columbia shows that the great Union party does not mean to serve the purposes of its enemies by fatally breaking its ranks. There is an honest difference of opinion as to the wisdom of unqualified suffrage. The party in Congress seems to have been about equally divided. When, therefore, Mr. HALE proposed to recommit the bill with instructions to the Committee to report certain qualifications, the Democrats hoped by joining the radicals—to use a convenient distinction—against the motion, to compel the Conservatives to vote against the bill as it stood; in which case the Democrats hoped that their vote united with that of the Conservatives would finally defeat the bill.

These fond hopes of a foolish faction were utterly baffled. The Conservatives voted for the recommittal. The Radicals and Democrats defeated it. The question recurred upon the bill as reported. The Democrats voted solidly against it. But the Conservatives, with insignificant exceptions, voted solidly with the Radicals for it, and carried dismay to the enemies of a sound and peaceful reunion. When the Senate has passed upon the bill and the President has signed it, the union of the Union party will be closer than ever.

This result just at this time is of the highest importance, for there were beginning to be very serious doubts not of the intention but of the sagacity of the Union party. A few days since a gentleman sitting in a circle of persons unfriendly to the Government read aloud Mr. RAYMOND'S naturalization bill. After some sarcastic comments by the company, an ex-rebel officer said: "No matter. Don't trouble yourselves. The dominant party is going to pieces fast enough, and then WE and the Democrats will just have things our own way."

It was a very plain statement of a very plain peril. The consequences of a serious division among Union men at this time would be inexcusably disastrous, and whoever precipitates it, whoever does not labor strenuously to prevent it, hastens a catastrophe which should appall every honest man in the country. It would be infinitely worse than a mere party defeat, it would involve the honor and peace of the nation. Every object for which the Union party is now contending, with whatever differences of view as to method, would be wholly lost. The Union policy of reorganization would be scornfully repudiated, and the President, whom the ex-rebels and their abettors now obsequiously flatter, refusing, as he would refuse to submit to their dictation, would be contemptuously set aside.

Why should men sincerely devoted to the wise reorganization of the Union and to securing the evident results of the war tolerate the mere possibility of such a peril? Surely we are all agreed upon certain substantial, fundamental points. Upon the abstract definition of the exact status of the unorganized States we differ. But that is a purely theoretical question. The essential practical point is, that they are not to resume their full powers in the Union except upon certain conditions, and upon that point there is no difference. Thus we all agree that the constitutional right of secession must be plainly disavowed; that the rebel debt must not be recognized; and that the Emancipation amendment must be supported in good faith. But still further we are agreed, and the President and the Lieutenant-General assent, that there must still be military occupation of those States for the security of their own inhabitants as well as for that of the country; and that the Freedmen's Bureau must be maintained to make the radical change of the industrial system as smooth and easy as practicable. And more than this there is no serious disagreement among Union men as to the fact that the Freedmen, becoming by the act of emancipation free men, must sooner or later share every guarantee of individual rights that any free man enjoys, including, of course, the suffrage.

Upon these great vital [illegible] there is substantial unanimity of o[illegible]se ends we are all laboring. But if [illegible] our differences of method to drive us to the fatal extremity of party dissolution, we shall see a spirit essentially hostile to the Government and Union triumph through our folly. We shall see the military removed, the Freedmen's Bureau abolished, the rebel State debts approved, the national debt repudiated, the faith of the nation to the freedmen broken, and those who for four years by arms or by sympathy sought the overthrow of the Government, controlling it to its destruction, and we shall have our own criminal conduct to thank for it all. The late vote happily reveals the clear conviction among our friends that the defeat of any particular method of action can not be so hazardous to the country as a party schism. And however deeply the superior wisdom of any particular policy may be felt, and however earnestly defended, we are very sure that the good sense which saved the country in the present instance will continue to inspire Congressional action.

THE TAX ON EDUCATION.

THE report of the Commissioners upon the revenue system is awaited with the utmost interest by all who feel that the recommendations of gentlemen so wisely selected, and who have so faithfully devoted themselves to their arduous work, must necessarily have great weight with Congress. We trust that two facts will not have escaped their attention; that English publishing houses are rapidly establishing agencies in this country, and that school committees and teachers in all parts of the land are busily devising means to avoid the expense of school-books, the prices of which are necessarily so high.

Cheap school-books are surely a cardinal necessity of the United States. The one thing that should escape taxation is education. We certainly do not say that any trade should be favored at the expense of any other, but we do ask whether taxes which materially lessen the circulation of school-books do not harm the country more than they help it?

Paper, which is the principal material of books, after the chemicals used in its manufacture have paid a heavy duty, is taxed as a whole under the Internal Revenue act. The printing-ink and all the materials used in bookbinding also pay separate taxes. Finally, the finished book is taxed as a whole. In England, where, as in this country, foreign rags are imported free, books, paper, etc., are especially exempted from taxation, and the English manufacturer is able to pay his duties and land books in New York or Boston at about half the price at which we can make them here.

The inevitable tendency of this state of things is to send our book-publishing to England, to stop our paper-mills, and force our skilled workmen into other channels of labor. Yet three-quarters of the works now published in this country are books of education. Do we wish that England should write and make them for us? Newspapers are justly exempted from taxation. But are the spelling-book and geography less valuable and essential? No honest trader wishes to shirk his share of the common burden. But ought those who manufacture articles of such prime necessity to bear very much more than their share? If the Commission should recommend that books, as such, be exempted from taxation, they will recommend only that a disproportionate tax be reduced; while the increased circulation caused by the reduction will partly compensate the Government for the apparent loss.

We earnestly trust that the Commission will simplify the whole system of taxation, which is now an exasperating snarl of perplexities; and, while they throw the chief weight upon the great luxuries, will emancipate popular education from the chains which are forging for it at the very moment in our history when cheap school-books universally diffused are a national necessity.

ABSTRACTIONS.

WE have elsewhere repeated what we have said more than once, that the question of the present exact status of the unorganized States is practically unimportant, or, as Mr. LINCOLN expressed it, it is "a pernicious abstraction." But Senator DOOLITTLE in his speech, a few days since, warmly denied that it was unimportant, and declared it to be a vital question.

So it would be if the Senator held strictly to his view of the question and agreed to abide by the inevitable consequences of that view. But he does not. Like every statesman, he is wisely illogical upon occasion. Indeed, the only truly logical advocates of his theory are the ex-rebels and Copperheads. They assert that "once a State always a State," and rebellion having ceased, arms being laid down, Alabama and South Carolina are as much States as Wisconsin or Maine, and are, therefore, entitled to unconditional representation. They hold, and upon their premises justly, that the whole proceeding of the President, in the matter of reorganization, has been absolutely arbitrary and unconstitutional.

We say that the Senator is wisely illogical, for while he roundly asserts that a State can by no possibility lose its status as a State in the Union, he declares in the same breath that some States shall not recover their status as States in the Union unless they will submit to certain conditions imposed by the National Government. Yet does he suppose that the State of South Carolina adopted the Constitutional Amendment as freely as the State of Massachusetts? Of course he does not. But if so, is it not clear that whether a State can go out of the Union or not it can so derange its relations to the Union that they can be restored only as a new State is admitted, namely, by the consent of the Government?

The Senator seems to forget that the war is not over because the rebels have laid down their arms. The war continues until the Government declares it is ended. Every thing that the President has authorized in the lately belligerent States he has authorized as Commander-in-Chief. The existing civil Governments in all the Southern States are, as Senator TRUMBULL truly says, merely tolerated by the Government of the United States. Governor ORR, of South Carolina, frankly recognizes this fact. The President continues the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in those States. General GRANT continues active military occupation. The supreme controlling authority in all those States is that of the nation.

Now nothing can be plainer than the duty of the nation not to relax that authority except upon perfectly satisfactory terms. In the actual situation the plea of State rights is pure folly. State rights are not to be resumed except upon conditions prescribed by the United States, and the United States are the sole judges of those conditions. Suppose the Government knew of a conspiracy extending throughout the late league of rebel States to rise in arms as soon as the national hand was withdrawn. Would it be the duty of the Government to withdraw that hand because there was no present armed rebellion, and because the white inhabitants declared that they acquiesced in the situation? But if the Government has the right to impose any condition whatever to satisfy itself that no rising could be successful even if attempted, it has the right to impose every condition necessary to the same satisfaction.

That is our situation now. Of course the choice of those conditions must be sagacious if it would achieve the end in view. Senator DOOLITTLE asks whether we would seriously undertake to govern the people of the unorganized States without representation. The Senator must first explain on what ground he proposes a system of State government, by which a third of the population are to be ruled entirely without representation. He is willing to admit Senator MARVIN from Florida. But will he explain on what ground he favors the resumption of power in the Union by States which have a proportionably superior representation?

However, the question must be settled according to the Constitution, says some one. Certainly it must. The war was waged under the Constitution, and it must be ended under it. But the Constitution did not prescribe the methods in which the war should be carried on; and it does **not** specify the conditions upon which its results are to be secured.

THE FINANCE BILL.

THE financial measure before Congress, which contemplates the reduction of the currency by funding, is of so alarming a nature that it can not be passed over in silence. Not only have the Committee of Ways and Means implicitly obeyed the behests of the Secretary of the Treasury; they have gone further, and invested that functionary with powers which he never even thought of soliciting—powers greater than any organized Government in the world ever conferred upon any executive officer.

It was explained a few weeks since in these columns that the aggregate volume of debt to be funded or paid off within the next thirty months does not vary much from $1,800,000,000. Mr. M'CULLOCH in his report asked for power to fund this debt, and seemed to intimate that from one to two hundred millions a year might be funded. On this the Committee of Ways and Means, through the MORRILL sub-committee, prepare a bill which empowers the Secretary to sell United States bonds, bearing any rate of interest not over 6 per cent., running for any number of years not over forty, at any price whatsoever, at any time or times, and in any amounts he chooses; and further permits him to receive in payment not only the lawful current money of the country, but any of the short bonds or Treasury notes which the Government has been issuing. It is hardly necessary to say that, if such a measure became a law, Mr. M'CULLOCH would be created as omnipotent a dictator of the money market of the country as Congress and the Supreme Court are of our political concerns. By offering bonds for sale in large amounts, he could at any time produce a stringency in the market which would involve a general fall in prices; by accepting all, or nearly all, the bids, he could cause a general panic; while on the other hand, by rejecting bids below a certain figure, or by accepting in payment of his bonds securities not used as currency, he could relieve the money market at once, and cause prices to react as quickly as they had risen. Under this bill he might offer $250,000,000 of bonds for sale for lawful money. Such an offer would cause an active recall of loans, a decline of 5 @ 10 per cent. in all securities, and a general turmoil in commercial circles. When the fall had taken place he might announce that no bid under par would be considered, and that Seven-Thirty notes would be received at par and interest in payment of his bonds. Such an announcement would cause an instantaneous "let up" in money, a rebound of 5 @ 10 per cent. in all securities, and a sudden recovery in merchandise. All this he might do without violating his duty or exposing himself to the slightest blame or censure. Is it safe to intrust such power to any one man? Is it fair to any man to expose him to such temptation?

HUGH M'CULLOCH enjoys the perfect confidence of the American people. For many months he has had opportunities, by means of the secret sales of gold made by the Department, of realizing fortunes for himself and others. Yet no responsible person, even among his bitterest political enemies, has ever even hinted that either he or any one else has made money by an early knowledge of the intentions of the Department with regard to sales of gold. The practice of selling gold secretly has been generally condemned on grounds of principle. But by common consent all admit that HUGH M'CULLOCH is an honest man, and that he will not himself speculate, or permit others to speculate, on what he does as Finance Minister of the country.

If it were mathematically certain, therefore, that the extraordinary powers conferred on the Secretary of the Treasury by this bill would never be exercised by any one but Mr. M'CULLOCH, the country might view its passage without much alarm. But what if Mr. M'CULLOCH resigned, or were removed, or died? Such things have happened before. And though there is good reason to believe that Mr. JOHNSON would be careful in selecting his successor, it must not be forgotten that we have had, heretofore, Secretaries of the Treasury and other Cabinet Ministers who were also carefully selected and yet who proved to be not above suspicion. HOWELL COBB was Secretary of the Treasury, and, as we all thought, a most respectable man; yet he did his best to ruin the public credit. THOMAS, of Maryland, a most respectable man, was Secretary of the Treasury, and equally unfaithful to his trust. The post of Secretary of the Treasury has generally been filled by an able and an honest man; but how would the public view the placing of such enormous and irresponsible power in the hands of such persons as the late THOMAS CORWIN or ROBERT J. WALKER—both of them in their time Secretaries of the Treasury? How if such men as JACOB THOMPSON or JOHN B. FLOYD—both of them United States Cabinet Ministers in their day—chanced to be appointed to the Treasury Department?

The war is over, and the necessity for dictatorships may fairly be assumed to have passed away. It is about time not only that all public officials should scrupulously avoid assuming needless responsibility, but that Congress should, as heretofore, hedge its grants of power with proper restrictions and limitations. A curtailment of the currency being deemed requisite, the Secretary of the Treasury may properly be invested with the power of selling bonds to retire short securities or legal tenders. But the amount to be sold, the kind of money to be received in payment, the periods at which such sales may take place, the price at which the bonds may be awarded, and the character and interest payable on the bonds, should all be fixed beforehand and openly by Congress, and not left to be determined privately by an executive officer. The public have a right to know what is going to be done in the vital matter of the currency.

There are two other points—we pass over the objections raised to the issue of Sterling Bonds as trifling and immaterial—upon which exception may fairly be taken to the financial measure now before Congress.

The first of these is the repeal of the section of the old law which establishes a Sinking Fund. That section had been flagrantly disobeyed by Mr. CHASE, and has been disobeyed by his successor. Finding it a dead letter Congress repeals it. This is repudiation. Men of means abroad and at home subscribed for our bonds on the faith that a sinking fund would be established which would gradually pay them off. Congress has no more right to abolish the Sinking Fund than it has to alter the rate of interest payable on the bonds, or the date at which they shall become payable. The Sinking Fund was one of the essential conditions of the contract between the United States and their creditors. It may have been an unwise condition. But it was voluntarily and deliberately established by the United States, and to abolish it now is to break faith with the public creditor, and to enter upon the broad highway of repudiation.

The second objection has reference to the payment of the currency interest on Seven-Thirty notes, debt certificates, and the like. By Mr. MORRILL'S measure it is proposed to absorb a large proportion of the legal-tender notes now afloat. Assuming that the bill will pass and will be a success, in this respect, it is clear that the Treasury Department will not be able to pay its currency interest in legal-tender notes, but will be compelled to pay it in the currency received for taxes—national-bank

notes. This also will be repudiation. When the Government put forth the compound-interest notes, the Seven-Thirty notes, and the debt certificates, it covenanted to pay to the holder so much per annum as interest. The covenant necessarily implied, as all covenants do, that such interest should be paid in lawful money. If JONES agrees to pay BROWN $5000 on a given day he must pay in legal tenders or gold, or he can not claim a discharge. Now if Government, before the maturity of the Seven-Thirty notes and compound-interest notes, so contrives to reduce the volume of the legal tenders that all its taxes are paid in national-bank notes, it will have no means of paying the currency interest due on its securities in any other medium than in national-bank notes, which may, and probably will, at the time be worth much less than legal tender money. Sound banking authority predicts that, if $200,000,000 of our legal tender currency be withdrawn from circulation, the remainder will be worth from 2 to 5 per cent. more than national-bank notes. In such an event, to pay the interest on the Seven-Thirty notes, compound notes, and debt certificates in a currency worth considerably less than the money in which Government agreed to pay when it borrowed the money of its creditors, will be a very shabby form of repudiation.

It is not very likely that the Committee of Ways and Means or Congress will pay much attention to the warnings of the press. Strict party discipline appears to have quenched individual freedom of opinion, and there is so little financial ability in Congress that both the committee and the body of which it forms a part are generally content to obey the orders of the Treasury Department. Were it otherwise, some effort might be made to induce Congress to let the currency alone for the present, and to take advantage of the large revenues of Government to reduce the public debt by selling the surplus gold in the Treasury, and by paying off each short date obligation as it matures. This would be the way to diminish our burdens without producing a commercial crisis, and in the end, it would probably prove as efficacious as Mr. MORRILL's method for bringing down the price of gold. But there is no chance that any recommendation of the kind would be heeded.

COMMUTATION ON RAILROADS.

THE principle of commutation is simply this, that a low rate of fares to permanent residents along the line of a railroad stimulates settlements and improvements resulting in profit. It supposes that the growth of such a population may be encouraged with advantage, and that there is no maximum attainable too great for the solid advantage of the road. The policy applies whenever a crowded city is located at either terminus capable of throwing out a large suburban population. In England all the numerous railroads leading out of London and other principal cities have practiced it from the outset with entire confidence in its being a remunerative system. The two great lines leading northward from New York (the Hudson River and Harlem roads) pursued the policy until they both passed into the hands of their present owners, who manage them so as to discourage further settlements, greatly to the injury of those doing business in the city who were induced by moderate fares to establish homes in the country. Rates to commuters who use the road daily were increased last season in some instances over three hundred per cent. A step so decisive warrants the conclusion that the policy of commutation is regarded by the proprietors with disfavor, and that further encouragement to settlements will not be afforded except other and different views prevail.

The subject is one of sufficient importance to justify public discussion, and particularly as the true interests of the roads and of the large number of property owners along their lines concur in the establishment of rates such as commuters can afford to pay, and such as will encourage improvements. The population along both lines is yet sparse compared with that along the English roads, but may be increased by a wise and permanent policy to an extent certain to reward the stockholders with ample revenues. The policy which exacts the largest possible compensation from each commuter treats the present population as having attained its maximum, and strips them of all means to influence others to build up adjacent homes. These residents, instead of being the earnest and constant friends of the road, as they were at the outset for mutual advantage, are forced to make the complaints which prevent additional settlements. On both lines the great body of commuters, living at points not influenced by active competition, are much dissatisfied, and could not be relied upon for any friendly service to either company. In the matter of taxation, trials before those not influenced by free tickets, coroners' juries, the sufficiency of fences, and applications to the Legislature, these roads will constantly be met by opposition from those commuters who regard the late sudden increase of fares as wholly unjustifiable.

This state of feeling could easily be changed by adopting the policy in use on all the English lines, of discriminating in favor of commuters owning or occupying houses along the line, which can be done with equal advantage to both stockholders and the public.

The London and North Western Railway adopted in 1862, and have since continued the following mileage scale of rates for season tickets for one year for ordinary commuters who use first-class carriages, although authorized by Parliament to charge threepence per mile. Certain resident commuters pay half these rates. From one to five miles, inclusive, £7 10*s*. per annum, or say $36 gold. For each additional mile up to fifteen £1 per mile, or say $85 for fifteen miles. For each additional mile above fifteen 16*s*., or say for forty-eight miles $213. This distance, forty-eight miles, is the greatest on the Harlem road for which commutation is allowed. The Harlem road charges for commutation to Croton Falls (forty-eight and a half miles) $312 per annum. The rate between White Plains and Croton Falls is in very nearly the same proportion. Tickets, one hundred at a time, are issued, the use of which may be deferred for any period within four months.

The English rates are reduced 50 per cent. in perpetuity in favor of owners of houses erected within certain limits and of a certain value, and are continued to any successor or other occupant. Students or apprentices living with their parents at any of these suburban residences pay also one-half the established rates. The Great Western line has adopted very nearly the rates specified above. Other lines charge much less. For instance, the Chester and Holyhead Railway has established the following rates per annum: for seven miles £7, for fifteen £15, for fifty £28, for sixty £30, for eighty-five £40.

The extravagance of the Harlem rates is the more conspicuous if the amount of accommodation is considered. For instance, above White Plains there is but one morning train to New York, which is the only one a business man going daily to the city can be expected to take; there are but two afternoon trains up, and four in the whole each way per day. It is unnecessary to say that this is very, very far short of the accommodation furnished by the English roads. We understand that their commutation tickets are good for three hundred and sixty-five days, while here they are good for only the week days of the year. A commuter there is not restricted in the number of times he may travel back and forth, but here he must pay for more than one journey each way per day. Abroad, a general ticket is issued which is exhibited only when called for, here a ticket must be surrendered on each excursion and another exhibited for punching.

But the important difference between the two systems is the assurance of a permanent policy in the English roads looking to the substantial interests of those who erect improvements along their lines, tending strongly to mutual benefit and the entire failure of the managers of these two roads to exhibit any such policy. This may be due to the fact that these lines have recently come into the hands of those who, although of great experience in other affairs, are without experience on this subject, and hence they have adopted a rate of commutation which must diminish the population, repress industry, and seriously damage property along these great lines of travel.

THE EIGHT-HOUR SYSTEM.

J. T., who is sanguine of the success of the eight-hour system, is aggrieved by our saying that the British laborer drudges fourteen hours a day for a pittance, and would deny the truth of the statement, but that he understands us to have asserted it merely as an illustration of the law of supply and demand. He thinks we should have said ten hours a day. But if drudging for ten hours a day gives only a pittance to the British laborer, what would drudging eight hours give him? That we did not misrepresent the substantial fact of the condition of the British laborer we are persuaded by what Mr. BRIGHT said in his late speech at Birmingham.

"Have you read," says Mr. BRIGHT, "a paragraph which lately appeared in the newspapers about J. CROSS, a Dorsetshire laborer? He worked six days in the week. He had an excellent character from his employer, for whom he worked 24 years at the rate of 8*s*. per week. ......I tell you that many thousands of cases like that of JOHN CROSS are to be found throughout the country, and especially in the south, and that their condition is such that hitherto the most anxious investigation has been unable to solve the mystery as to how they keep body and soul together." It is truly, as he calls it, "a desperate condition." Does J. T. think that if the British Parliament were to reduce the daily hours of labor to six that JOHN CROSS could keep body and soul together any better?

J. T. is a stone-cutter. He says that as yet there are no mechanical inventions to lighten his labor, and that competition is so intense that when a stone-cutter's day's labor is done he is too utterly exhausted for any mental application, or even enjoyment, whatever. He adds, that the trade in New York, Brooklyn, and the neighborhood, have given only nine hours for a day's work since November 10, 1863, and that no more has been required. This was undoubtedly in pursuance of the law that we mentioned in the "Saturday Sermon" of the natural limitation of effective labor. Nine hours' work at stone-cutting is doubtless, upon the whole, as valuable as twelve, and it is worth, therefore, the wages of twelve. If eight hours' work is equally valuable, it is worth the same. But the question is, whether a law can make eight hours' good labor worth the wages of ten hours' good labor. If it can not, the inevitable effect of the law would be to drive capital where it could get the best return for investment.

J. T. thinks that if the Legislature will pass the eight-hours' law "they will check the selfishness of both labor and capital." But how? Can you compel capital in a particular direction? If you try it you will merely paralyze both capital and labor. Suppose the Legislature of New York were to pass a law that nobody should work more than five hours a day, nor be worth more than twenty thousand dollars. Might they not just as wisely and successfully enact that every body should be comfortable and happy? There are some things that laws can not effect, and laws about labor are wise and effective only so far as they enact the natural facts and conditions of labor. Thus it is found that in the work of computation for the census and other statistics six hours a day is quite enough. It would be a very foolish law that would make it sixteen.

It seems to us that the friends of the eight-hour movement are of opinion that it needs only an act of the Legislature to secure eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' recreation. J. T., however, while apparently urging this kind of legislation, expresses his opinion that "it is too much to expect that our social evils can be removed by legislative acts." What arguments, then, and to what end, shall be addressed to the Legislature?

ONE QUESTION SETTLED.

ONE of the perplexing questions has been virtually settled. The petition of the earliest veterans of the war who enlisted from the noblest impulses, and who after long service have been discharged, often from illness and wounds, for bounties in proportion to that paid the later enlisted troops, was so plainly natural that it could not well be set aside.

But the Paymaster-General reports that it would take $550,000,000 to equalize the bounties. In view of such a sum and the present condition of the finances, do the patriotic petitioners themselves press their honorable claim? Some kind of provision might be possible, but who would advocate such an addition to the burden of the country?

We must be just before we are generous, and the necessity of absolute economy is imperative. It is not only the duty of the nation but of individuals. It would be a fit crown to the conduct of the people during the war if they universally and individually economized to help pay the debt as they nobly supported its necessary creation.

FIFTH AVENUE SKATING POND.

Now that the skating season has fairly commenced, we take pleasure in reminding our readers of the advantages connected with Major OATMAN's Skating Pond, on Fifth Avenue. It is the favorite resort of all lovers of the sport, both male and female. This pond is always open to visitors when the skating is good, except on Sundays.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 16:

In the Senate, Mr. Chandler's resolution to withdraw our Minister from Great Britain, etc., was laid upon the table, 25 to 12.—Speaking on the Negro Suffrage bill for the District of Columbia, Mr. Davis indulged in his usual abuse of the negro. "Cuvier," he said, "had described the African, but he ought to have added that a foul odor exudes from his skin, and his heel makes a hole in the ground."

In the House, Mr. Conklin, one of the Committee of Fifteen, offered a resolution, which was objected to, providing for the following conditions for the restoration of the Southern States; first, renunciation of secession; second, repudiation of rebel debts; third, the assurance of human rights to all regardless of color; fourth, the impartial distribution of political power among all sections of the country, so that four millions of people shall not be represented in the interests of aggrandizement while at the same time they are excluded from political rights and privileges; and fifth, the election of truly loyal members to Congress.—Mr. Deming, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported back the bill reviving the grade of General in the army, which was recommitted.—The House concurred in the Senate resolution authorizing the Committee of Fifteen to send for persons or papers, 128 to 35.—The bill on Negro Suffrage in the District of Columbia was debated through the remainder of the session. The black population of the District is about 20,000, or about one-fourth the entire population of the District. The provision made by the bill is simply that there shall be no restriction to suffrage based on distinction of color. Mr. Julian claimed that suffrage was the natural right of the negro. Mr. Randall, of Kentucky, would go with his State in refusing negro suffrage. Mr. John L. Thomas, of Maryland, claimed to be a member of the Republican party, but thought that the negro agitation should cease with emancipation.

January 17:

In the Senate, a remonstrance of Mr. Sumner against arming the militia of Alabama was referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Howe's resolution to provide Provisional Governors for the rebel States was taken up. Mr. Doolittle addressed the Senate at length, claiming that President Johnson had in his policy of restoration simply followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. He supported the President's policy, and claimed that to insure the very Union for which we have been fighting we must have as rapid a restoration of all the States to their nominal relations in Congress as is possible.

In the House, Mr. Blaine presented the credentials of John N. Goodwin, delegate from Arizona, who was qualified and took his seat.—The bill to incorporate the National Protective Homestead Company, the object of which is to encourage emigration to the South, was taken up. Mr. Baker, of Illinois, objected to the bill as creating what purported to be a charitable institution. The bill conferred an immense and exclusive privilege on a small number of persons, who might convey lands without limitation. The bill was laid on the table, 120 to 32.—The Negro Suffrage bill for the District of Columbia was taken up and debated. Mr. Darling, of New York, favored qualified suffrage, the qualification to be one of education. He thought it better not to disregard the voice of the District. He moved a postponement of the bill to the first Tuesday in April. Mr. Hale advocated a restriction of suffrage to all who could read the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Thayer, of Pennsylvania, advocated the bill on the ground of equal and impartial justice. Mr. Van Horn, of New York, opposed the doctrine that this was exclusively a white man's Government.

January 18:

In the Senate, a bill was passed to distribute 500 copies of Mr. Madison's writings among the different State Libraries, departments, etc.—Mr. Wade, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of Colorado, ratifying the State government adopted by the people.—Mr. Nesmith of Oregon spoke on Mr. Howe's resolution, supporting the President's policy. He did not think any act of Congress necessary for the admission of the Southern States. This was a white man's government, etc. Mr. Wade followed in a reply to Mr. Doolittle's speech of the day before. He claimed that we were not to support a policy simply because Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Johnson adopted it. Mr. Johnson had gone farther than Mr. Lincoln, and had compelled the Southern States to adopt the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. Mr. Wade wanted to go still further and place all men, white and black, on an equal footing. He thought it bad faith, after tempting the negroes into the military service, to abandon them to their enemies now that the fight is over.—A bill was passed giving Mrs. Lincoln the franking privilege.

In the House, the bill for negro suffrage in the District of Columbia was taken up. Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, spoke against it. Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, was opposed to postponement. He thought the right of suffrage should follow emancipation. He thought the negroes should have a share in the Government as well as in fighting for it. A motion by Mr. Niblack to lay the bill on the table was negatived, 46 yeas against 123 nays. Mr. Darling's motion to postpone was disagreed to, 34 to 134. A motion to recommit the bill with Mr. Hale's amendment was lost, 53 to 117. The bill was then passed, 116 to 54. It reads as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from all laws and parts of laws, and prescribing the qualifications of electors for any office in the District of Columbia, the word 'white' be and the same hereby is stricken out; and that from and after the passage of this Act no person shall be disqualified from voting at any election held in the said District on account of color.

"And be it further enacted, That all Acts of Congress and all laws of the State of Maryland in force in said District, and all ordinances of Washington and Georgetown inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, are hereby repealed and annulled."

January 19:

In the Senate, Mr. Doolittle presented the credentials of William Marvin, of Florida, which were ordered to be laid on the table.

In the House, $105,000 were appropriated for the purchase of Leavy's Island, Portsmouth Navy-yard.—Mr. Deming spoke on reconstruction, advocating that negroes have every political right necessary to their liberty, that the public credit should be insured, and rebel debts repudiated, and there should be a Constitutional Amendment giving Congress power to make all laws necessary and proper to secure to all persons of every State equal protection to life, liberty, and property. We might demand more, but not a jot less can we receive.

January 20:

In the Senate, the bill for the enlargement of the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was debated, but no action was taken.

January 22:

In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden, from the Committee of Fifteen, reported a joint resolution that representatives and direct taxes should be apportioned among the States according to their respective numbers, excluding from the basis of representation all persons to whom the elective franchise is denied.—The resolution to refer all papers and documents relating to the representation of the rebel States was adopted.—It was voted, 33 to 11, that Trumbull's bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau should not be restricted to the rebel States.

In the House, Mr. Stevens offered the same resolution from the Committee of Fifteen which Mr. Fessenden offered in the Senate. This was debated at some length, and was finally made the special order for the next day.

NEWS ITEMS.

Rufus Choate, Jun., the only son of the late celebrated Boston lawyer of that name, died on January 15, at Dorchester, Massachusetts, from the effects of wounds received in the late war.

The President has relieved Provisional Governor Marvin of Florida, and recognized Mr. Walker as the regular Governor. Texas is now the only State which has a Provisional Governor.

The Message of Governor Worth was received in the North Carolina Legislature January 19. He recommends the confirmation of proceedings under provisional rule in the State, the repeal of all laws in conflict with perfect allegiance to the National Government, and the adoption of a judicious militia system. He thinks there will be no necessity of continuing the Freedmen's Bureau after the restoration of the State courts, from which he says the negroes can get full justice.

The national debt at the close of December was less by forty-one million than at the close of last August.

Secretary Stanton has determined to make Ford's Theatre the deposit of the records relating to soldiers discharged for disabilities incurred in the service, or who have died in battle, in hospital, or in rebel prisons.

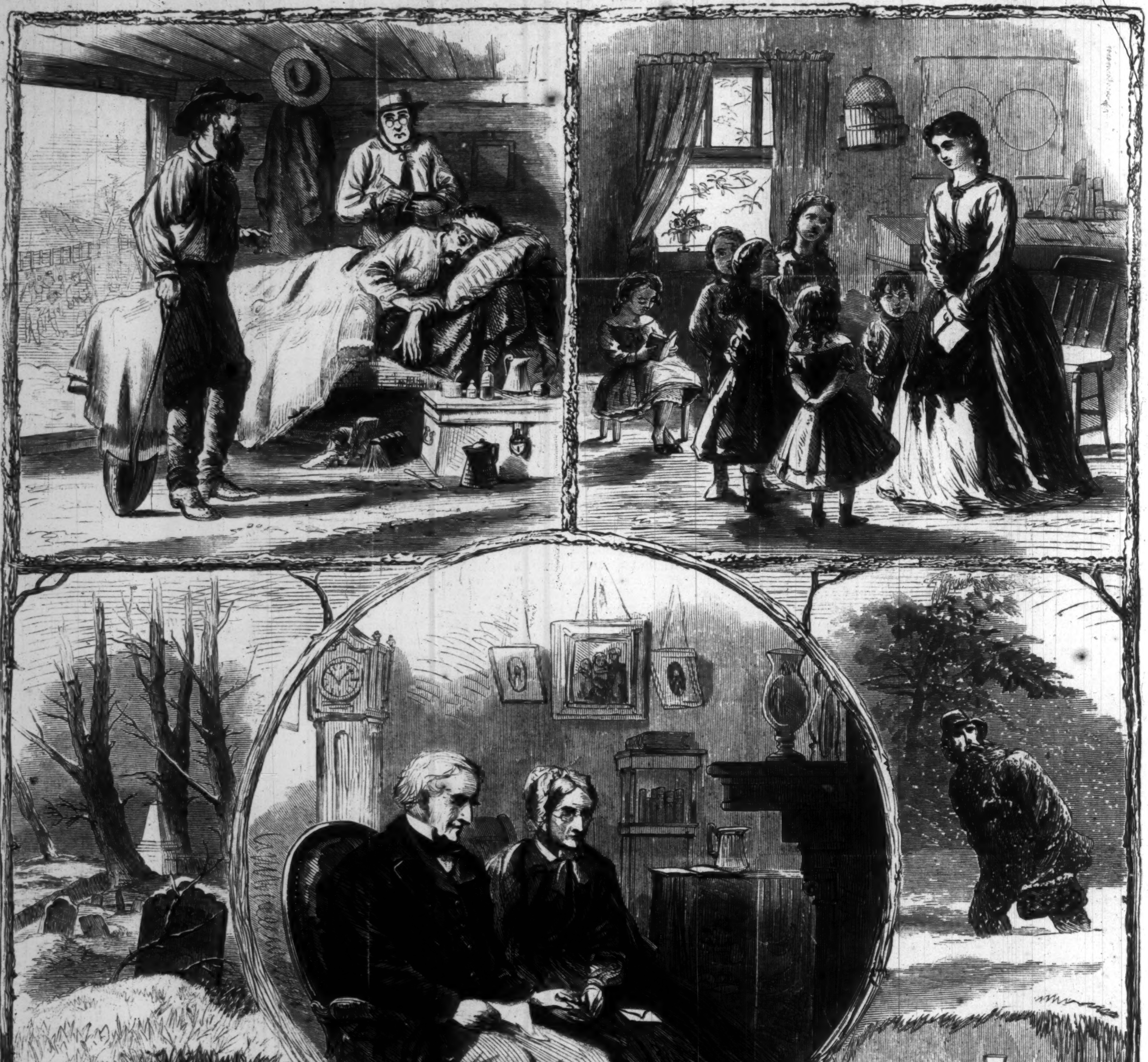
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Chili disturbance appears to have been the death of Admiral Pareja. It is stated that this officer, upon hearing that one of his vessels had been captured by the *Esmeralda*, became despondent, and finally committed suicide, November 19, by shooting himself with a pistol on board his flag-ship.

It has been announced that the town of Bagdad, in Mexico, was captured from the Imperialists, on January 5, by an American force, consisting of the One Hundred and Eighteenth United States Colored Infantry, under Colonel Davis. The American General Crawford was in command of it, and General Escobedo was on his way thither. The accounts indicate that the former was about starting on another expedition. General Weitzel, at the request of Escobedo, sent two hundred men from Brownsville, Texas, to Bagdad to preserve order.

The Fenian trials at Cork have been concluded.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, one of the most powerful organs of public opinion in France, has an article showing the enormous cost of the intervention, and arguing that if security for the Mexican bondholders is the only difficulty in the way of the withdrawal of the French troops the French people would willingly submit to an increase of her own debt for that purpose. It is said that the French Opposition have determined to concentrate all their energies in the coming session of the Corps Legislatif, in order to bring the intervention in Mexico to an end.



OLD FOLKS AT HOME AND YOUNG FOLKS ABROAD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

MRS. SOREL.

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER BARKER was in the full tide of the most confident and convincing assertions upon the state of the country when he experienced a sudden and singular interruption. This was none other than the entrance of a somewhat tall and slim but very neat lady, who was hailed by Mrs. Juggins with a cordial,

"Why, if here ain't Mrs. Sorel now! Walk in, Mrs. Sorel; glad to see you; don't take that chair, this here is an easier one; take off your bonnet; come to spend the day, I do hope; how are all at home?"

There was nothing specially wonderful in the lady, at least to look at. You could see that she must have been beautiful in her youth; the clear gray eye, regular features, and still graceful form, showed that plainly enough. Yet, being only a lady, clothed in some gray stuff, with a calico sun-bonnet, it was hard to account for the interruption caused by her simple entrance. The preacher stopped in his conversation, singularly abashed and confused. Even the old planter received her more like an overgrown boy caught by the owner thereof in the midst of a water-melon patch than the master of a household. And Mrs. Juggins, too, seemed endeavoring to hide something beneath the bustle of her welcome.

A close observer might have detected a peculiarly arch smile which passed over the face of the visitor at the sudden silence and evident embarrassment which attended her arrival, but it was gone in an instant as she saluted the company with quiet ease and took a seat beside Mrs. Juggins. It was evidently with an effort that conversation was resumed; and the burden thereof was thrown upon the visitor, who had herself to mention the facts in regard to the weather, which, in the section of which we are speaking, and probably all over the world besides, form the invariable introduction to conversation.

It is strange; yet if ever countenances expressed the sense of being caught at something wrong, the countenances of the persons thus interrupted expressed that guilty emotion. Certain it is, there was in the bosoms of the persons interrupted a sharp, sudden sense of guilt which surprised even themselves, but which their outward bearing was too true to their inward self not to manifest. Of all of them the preacher had the deepest, strongest sense of this; and a sense of it which, a moment after, he resented more than the others, being more violent and positive in his after-conversation from this very cause. Meanwhile, if any one could have known it from her composed and natural manner or not, Mrs. Sorel was saying to herself, as she took out her sewing—"Dear me, I wish I had known; but, as it is, I can not help it!"

With the rest, she felt that it was in vain to sit there five minutes and not get into the one, grand, only, all-absorbing, everlasting topic. That it should not, at least, be her fault, Mrs. Sorel immediately engaged Mrs. Juggins, who was her near neighbor, in conversation about the making of butter and the raising of chickens and turkeys. The scarcity of these was evidently leading into the topic of the war, so that it was necessary to avoid that theme also. The gentlemen had from her entrance ceased conversation; the preacher apparently engaged in reading the *Advocate*—the religious paper of the Church to which Colonel Juggins and himself belonged—and the Colonel engaged in smoking his cob pipe and solemnly thinking over Fort Donelson and Nashville.

Now there was no better soul in the world than Mrs. Juggins, but conversation formed no part of her excellences, so that it devolved upon Mrs. Sorel either to say something or to sit in silence. To avoid this and, at the same time, keep the thread of conversation in her own hands, Mrs. Sorel began in a lowered tone to tell her neighbor of her various devices in the economy of her household; how much a little alum had improved the candles she was making at home; how easy she found it at last to plat straw into hats for her household; how she had succeeded in making starch—a large sample of which she had brought over for Mrs. Juggins—from wheat bran.

"Yes; and just as good as any I ever bought of the store—Yankee made," remarked Mrs. Juggins, as she examined the article carefully. "That is what I say," continued the old lady; "we can do without them, we don't want them here; why can't they just stay at home and—"

"But I must tell you how I managed about making shoes," interrupted her visitor; and she proceeded to tell how many soles of old shoes she had made the children collect from about the place; how she had soaked them well in water, and so made them again into shoes. Mrs. Sorel also informed her neighbor how keenly she had suffered under the dearth of bluing, then desolating all the wash-tubs of the country, and how she had found out that common blue ink, largely diluted, answered just as well.

"Yes, and ink went right up from two bits to fifty cents a bottle, soon's you found it out," moaned Mrs. Juggins.

Much more did Mrs. Sorel have to tell her neighbor, talking rapidly and in her most cheerful manner. Not, if she could help it, should the conversation glide off into the war.

"By-the-by, when did you hear from Frank last?" asked the Colonel, suddenly, in the midst of a description his wife was giving Mrs. Sorel of a loom she was having made.

Colonel Juggins had no such intentions, but his sudden question ruined every thing. He was an ignorant man, somewhat dull too, yet he had his intuitions the moment after that it would have been as well not to have asked the question. But it was too late. Even Mrs. Juggins saw that they were, as she afterward expressed it, "in for it now."

"Not for several weeks, Colonel," replied Mrs. Sorel.

"Your son is in Virginia, I believe, ma'am?" said the preacher, in his usual tone at the beginning of a sermon. Brother Barker always began his sermon in a low and scarcely audible voice: he got loud enough, however, long before he got through.

"With our Tom," said the Colonel, promptly. "And now, Brother Barker, suppose we take a look at that three-year-old I told you about; you circuit riders know a good animal when you see it if any body does: takes a Methodist preacher to judge horse-flesh!"

"In a moment, Brother Juggins," said the preacher, who was not to be interrupted in that way either. "I congratulate you, ma'am," continued he, "that you have a son to fight the battles of his country; it must be a great satisfaction to you."

Now, "Brother Barker was built for fight," had been a highly complimentary remark often made in regard to him by his friends. No knight ever went into tourney with greater zest than did this man into any theological controversy, whenever and wherever the lists were opened. But controversy upon the well-worn themes of Church Government, Election, Baptism, and the like, had ceased entirely, had utterly passed from the minds of men. The one great controversy of the day, raging not only upon battle-field but in every village, in every knot of talkers, in every separate heart and mind, this controversy had swallowed up every other. To it men gave all the zeal they had hitherto squandered in dozens of different directions: certainly with Brother Barker this was the case.

"You are perfectly aware, Mr. Barker, that Frank's course does *not* give me satisfaction," said Mrs. Sorel, calmly.

"Ah, is it so?" said the preacher, raising his brows in wonder. Like every man who stakes every thing on a cause, falsehood favorable to that cause was a totally different thing from the old, abstract, abominable falsehood.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel; "but I have observed from the outset that equivocation, departure from strict truth, has been a leading feature of Secession. You know perfectly well what my sentiments are to-day and always have been. Frank would not have gone to the war if he could have staid at home. He no more wanted to go himself than I wanted to send him. He was taught to love his country from his cradle, and from his earliest recollection he was trained to regard Secession as the greatest of crimes."

"You must permit me, ma'am," began the preacher.

"Only let me finish, if you please," said Mrs. Sorel, in a manner as cool as it was decided. "At the opening of the war Frank never dreamed of enlisting, at least not under *that* flag, but his case became more unpleasant every day. Hardly a day but he would say when he came home, 'I hate the thing as much as you do, mother, but what can I do?' Not a day, not an hour of the day, but his old companions were after him to enlist. So many of them were gone that he began to feel as if left alone in the world. The hints, too, about his being tied to his mother's apron strings, about his being afraid to go, and a hundred things of the kind, wore upon him till he could stand it no longer. One bitter, bitter day he enlisted! He did as tens of thousands of others have done—swept away against every prompting of reason, religion, and conscience—swept away in the wild tide that sweeps the land—and woe to the wicked men that set that tide going! I tell you, Mr. Barker, if to no others, to thousands of desolated mothers they will have to answer for it at the bar of God!"

If Mrs. Sorel had only spoken this in an excited manner and with raised voice it would have been a much easier thing for Mr. Barker to reply; but there was a calmness, a conviction, a sense of being unquestionably right, in her manner which embarrassed the preacher. Or, rather, there was a sense—struggle against it as he might—of being wrong in the matter in the bosom of this latter individual which he could not overcome. Loudly as he talked, abundant as were his arguments from Scripture, fierce as were his denunciations of the Yankees—all the time there was under it all that sense of being in the wrong which the preacher could not get rid of to save his life. However it may be with other men, the really pious man has a sense of right and wrong in his bosom which nothing *can* quench—it is the unquenchable spark within him of an eternal life.

"I would think, Mrs. Sorel—you are a professor, I believe?" asked the preacher.

"Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel, with a steady and surprised look at him, "why do you ask such a question? You know that I am."

"Then I would ask, ma'am, why you do not have faith in God to leave your son in his hands? You should not grieve over your son, as I am told you do. Thousands of us—Sister Juggins here, for instance—have sons in the war—"

"And that is just the difference in my case," said Mrs. Sorel, breaking quietly in upon the preacher. "I do not grieve over Frank because he is away from me, or because he may be lying at this moment in some crowded hospital without a mother's hand to tend him. No. Nor if Frank was dying there of some disease or some dreadful wound, would *that* be what would break my heart. For all that I could and would trust him in the hands of the Lord—it is the *cause* he is engaged in that cuts me to the soul."

"Really, Mrs. Sorel," said the preacher, greatly excited, "your views are very singular, and they may be such as may injure you."

"Such have always been my views, Sir," said the lady, quietly and gravely, "and always will be. If I speak at all on the subject I have none others to express. And what I now think and feel was, a year ago, the sentiment of every individual in our then happy land, with the exception of a few desperate politicians who were even then plotting our ruin. Then they were regarded as bad men; to-day they are the rulers of a deluded people."

If Mrs. Sorel had only got angry as she spoke! But she was so entirely calm, spoke with such force of moral conviction, in such a tone as if of burglars or murderers whose guilt no one could deny, that, in spite of himself, the preacher was confused. A mere politician would not have been; but Mr. Barker, on the other hand, had a conscience.

"Were you not born at the North?" he asked, at length.

"Mr. Barker," said the lady, after a grave pause, "why do you ask such a question? You know perfectly well that I am a South Carolinian. Mrs. Juggins has told you that repeatedly—so have I."

"You are a strange sort of South Carolinian," said the preacher, with a sarcastic smile.

"Perhaps so," said the lady, quietly. "My father was a plain, sensible planter, living in South Carolina, as his people and his wife's people had lived from the settlement of the country. In the days of Nullification he was a Union man—not without some influence—the unpretending influence of plain, sober, Christian sense—in his neighborhood. He was murdered by a Nullifier, a leading politician then, and I never can forget the lesson I learned then—the calm, solid conviction of the one set of principles, and the heat and violence, the dueling, bullying, cursing, threatening spirit of the other. When I look over the country now I see the same difference between the two parties—only the noblest and best among us have, in many cases, been poisoned and borne away with the wicked spirit which was at one time confined to the bosoms of the desperate few."

"And is it possible, ma'am, that you, a Southern woman, can have any regard for Yankees?" said the preacher, with a strong emphasis, as of nausea, upon the first syllable of the word.

"Not for want of learning what a dreadful people they are," said Mrs. Sorel, with a smile. "Only last week Mrs. Juggins was telling me that marriage has been altogether abolished among them."

"Law me, yes!" broke in Mrs. Juggins; "so I'm told. Up there the women all wear pants like men, make speeches, vote, and, I *do* suppose, carry their revolvers, curse and swear, drink and gamble, just like the men! When any man and woman happen to meet any where and take a likin' to each other they just consider themselves married—free love, they call it!"

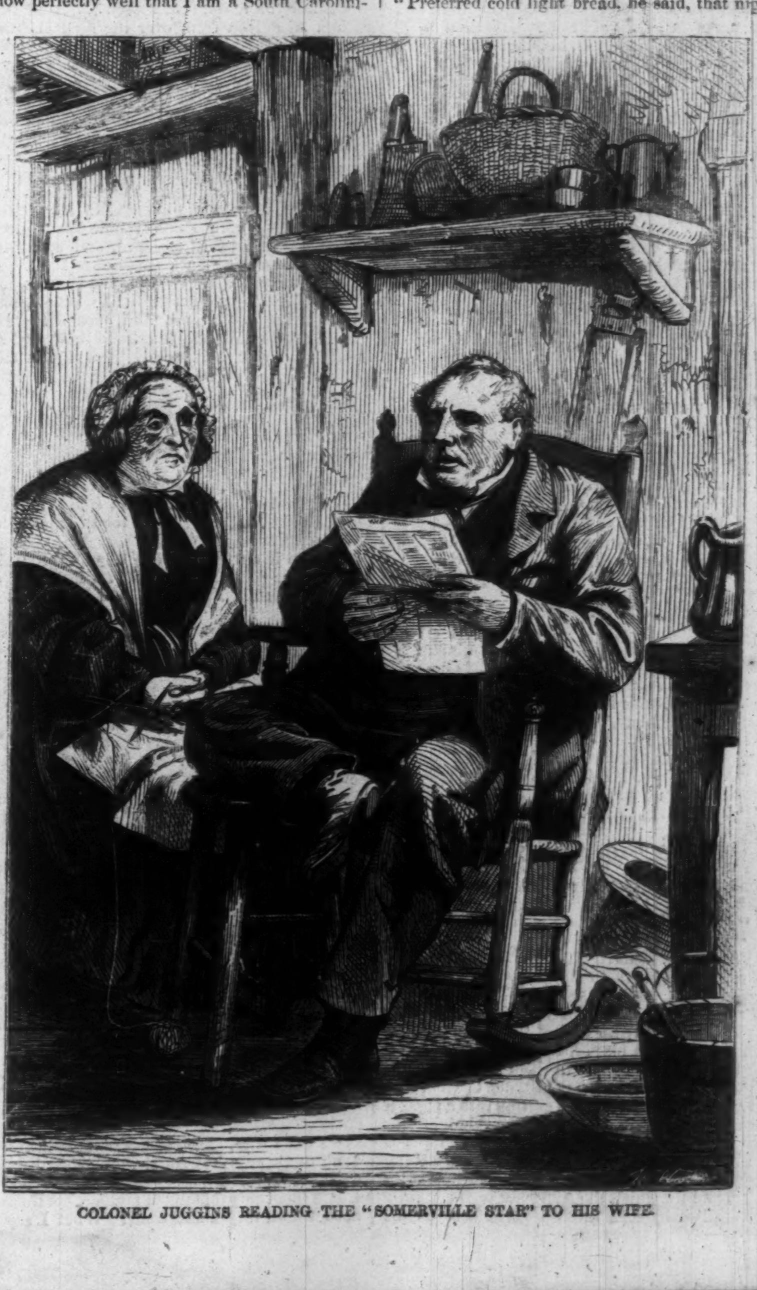
"And you remember, Mrs. Juggins," said Mrs. Sorel, "what you told me about Lincoln's having contracted with people to go through the South burning up people's houses by night, so much a house."

"And Mrs. Juggins could have told you, too," said the preacher, "that the North has apostatized into a universal infidelity."

"Mr. Barker," asked Mrs. Sorel, pausing from her work and looking steadily at the preacher, "do you believe yourself that the Christians of the North have thus apostatized?"

"I asked Lamum the last time I saw him," said the preacher; "he is a Northern man, too; he ought to know, and he said he didn't know that any one doubted it. Though," put in the preacher, with candor, "there may be—I say *may* be—some Lots in the midst of Sodom; for what I know there may be even seven thousand there that have not bowed the knee to Baal."

"Don't mention that man Lamum, Brother Barker, if you please," broke in Sister Juggins. "Preferred cold light bread, he said, that night



COLONEL JUGGINS READING THE "SOMERVILLE STAR" TO HIS WIFE.

he staid with us—a Yankee, a regular Yankee. He has a cold, creepin', calculatin' kind of a way. Bein' born and raised North, for my part I don't see how he can help feelin' with his own people; it's *nature* he should. For all he says, take my word, he don't want the South to whip. He ought to be made to leave—put the other side of that wall!"

"Sister Juggins," said the preacher, "you forget. Charity believeth all things, hopeth all things. But never mind about that. Please hand me that Bible again. Mrs. Sorel is an intelligent lady, a believer in plain Scripture. I have been blessed to convincing a good many before now who were perfectly infatuated—you must pardon me, ma'am—about the old Union. If you will only listen a little! I would not mind it so much, but that you should be from South Carolina, and not— But here is the place."

And thereupon Brother Barker launched out upon the theme which had never been out of his mind, and scarce for an hour at a time, except when he was sleeping, off his tongue, for the last year. He adduced all the passages in the Bible which are considered as sanctioning the institution of slavery, and which were as familiar to his finger and tongue now as the proof-texts in regard to election and baptism had once been in less interesting controversies of old. Having established slavery as a biblical ordinance, he then assumed the infidelity of the North because hostile to that divine ordinance.

This position he confirmed by numerous references to the avowedly infidel writers and infidel practices of the North. Garrison, Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, Berlin Heights, Oberlin, John Brown, Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, Mormonism, Spiritualism, Millerism, Lovejoy, Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln! flew from his lips with a fluency and a force amazing to hear. These were the things which, like the well-worn pebbles in the calabash, the war rattle of a savage warrior, Brother Barker made deafening noise with. It was astonishing what a mass of ammunition he had accumulated upon the subject. But Mrs. Sorel ceased to wonder when he began to refer to the *Advocate*, lying on the table beside him. It was a very large sheet, and week after week it had come to Brother Barker, as to almost every family connected with the same denomination in the State, brimful of nothing else.

As the preacher proceeded he waxed warmer and warmer, louder and louder. But when he came to the unnatural, unchristian, despotic, malignant, fiendish, diabolical, hellish conduct of the North in actually waging war upon the South, recounting deed after deed of atrocity which he had gathered from the teeming papers, he seemed to have forgotten Mrs. Sorel—who sat by quietly sewing—altogether; seemed, in fact, even to have forgotten himself, for his language was rather that of an intoxicated bully than of a minister of the Prince of Peace. His sallow cheek became livid with passion, his whole frame trembled with the violence of his wrath. To Mrs. Sorel it was a painful spectacle, like the raging of a thunder-gust unpleasantly near—physically unpleasant, in fact. Even the Colonel and his wife hung their heads, deeply conscious how little in accordance with the gospel he preached was the temper and language of their pastor.

It took Brother Barker little time to get his feelings fairly wrought up when he began, but then it took him a still longer time to get them down again. Only when he was exhausted did he draw to a close.

"And now, ma'am, knowing all this, is it possible you can desire to be associated longer with such a people? Union! Union!" It is impossible to describe the loathing with which the speaker pronounced the hateful word.

"Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel, very quietly, "I was told something the other day in regard to yourself. We hear so much that is false these days that I took for granted it was not so."

"What was it, ma'am?" asked the preacher, hoarse from his exertion, but pale and eager.

"I was told that Dr. Peel made a speech in Somerville, in which he said that if he supposed the Yankees engaged in this war went to heaven, for his part he would prefer going to hell. And it was said that you clapped your hands, with others, in applause. Will you permit me to ask you if that is so?"

"It is impossible for me, ma'am," replied the preacher, "to remember distinctly all I either say or do. If I did applaud such a sentiment, it was because I well know it is impossible for any one engaged in this murderous war upon the rights of the South to get to heaven!"

"I am free to say," observed Mrs. Sorel, after quite a pause, "that I am convinced of some things by what you have said."

"Ah! ma'am, I believed you were open to conviction—and what are those?"

"I think it is extremely probable," said Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "that those German soldiers in Missouri *did* break into the dairies and drink all the milk; because our soldiers have done the same to my dairy." And Mrs. Sorel looks up with a smile.

"I had hoped, ma'am—" began the preacher.

"Pardon me, Sir," continued Mrs. Sorel. "Your remarks have thoroughly convinced me of something more to the purpose than that I have noticed, and you are yourself as well aware of the fact as I am—that when one is entirely satisfied of the truth and of the moral and religious right of a matter, in regard to that matter they are calm. It is to them a something as clear and settled as is the existence of God, and I can not imagine a person getting into a passion in asserting the existence of the Almighty, or any other thing in regard to which his mind is entirely made up. Now, if Secession be a thing so certainly right—a cause approved from Scripture, and for which the Almighty is so certainly pledged—why such feverish excitement on the subject? why such incessant argument and assertion and violence? If the North is pursuing a course so horribly wicked why abuse them so? Why not leave them, with little emotion save of pity, to the certain vengeance of God? And yet that paper you hold in your hand is full, from week to week, of such terms as rascally, scoundrelly North! villainous, execrable Government! and the like. Before this thing began the editor of that paper, and all of you ministers—yes, and all Christians—would have shrunk with horror from using, in regard to any thing, language which is now the everyday speech of even ministers in the pulpit, to say nothing of Christians in private life. Can it be a holy cause which inspires such language? And we, poor Union people, why are you so exercised in regard to us? We are quiet and silent; one would suppose you would have a pity, a contempt even, for people so deluded! Why are you so uneasy about us? You see no passion in us, only cool conviction. Can we help convictions which are as clear to us as any conviction can be? We don't interfere with your views; why can you not leave us in peace to our delusion?"

"Mrs. Sorel," said the minister, more excited by the calmness of the lady than he would have been by her violence, "I tell you, as a friend, the Union people about Somerville had better look out. The feelings of the country are getting hotter and hotter every day. As sure as you live, every Union man, woman, and child will have to leave the country or be hung! We are not going to be trifled with, ma'am," and there was a dangerous fire in his eyes as he spoke. "It's with your church, like people like priest," he added, with bitterness.

"And what has Mr. Arthur done?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"He voted against Secession, ma'am, and," continued the preacher, "so far from being ashamed of it, he has been known to say that he will always rejoice that he did not stay away from the polls, as many of his sentiments did, but went and cast *his* vote, at least, against the measure."

"I always wished I could have seen him that mornin'," said Colonel Juggins. "I like Mr. Arthur, like his preaching—just a word or two from me would have fixed it;" and the Colonel resumed his pipe, greatly regretting he had left the magical words unspoken.

A close observer might have detected a slight motion at the corners of Mrs. Sorel's mouth, but she said nothing. The training in the art of holding the tongue, which Union people at the South underwent during the revolution, was amazing. Alas! the long and severe training, too, in all manner of equivocation, deception, and dissimulation which many of them submitted to was one of the demoralizing influences of that most demoralizing of periods.

"Never you mind," interposed Mrs. Juggins, with a wise look from over the sock she was darning—"I know one will fix him, sure!"

"And who is that?" asked the Colonel. "Neely isn't the man to work on a man like Mr. Arthur. As to that Guy Brooks, he's worse Union than the parson himself. As to that red-headed Ferguson, somebody ought to get hold of that fellow! Only the last week or two I hailed him as he was riding by to ask the news. Would you believe it? he stopped his horse, threw one leg over the pommel of his saddle, and told me a long story of how Washington had been taken by Beauregard, and how Lincoln had been hung on a pole—flag-pole it was—on the dome of the Capitol, the Washington people hurrahing underneath like smoke, and all his dying confessions, and such like. He told it all as solemn—you know how dry he is—never stirred a muscle! And I was fool enough to believe it. Next time he saw me there in Somerville he came up to me, regretted—dry as you please—what he had told me was false! 'We hear so many things every day just as probable,' he said."

"Mrs. Sorel knows who I mean," said Mrs. Juggins, demurely. "Law me! it's no secret—Miss Ally Bowles. If she isn't sound nobody is, and if she don't make him toe the mark I'm mistaken."

"There is a true Southern woman for you!" broke in the preacher, by way of a severe hit at his late antagonist. "You remember, Colonel, and you, Sister Juggins, that day she presented the flag to the boys—I offered the prayer, you will remember. How straight she stood—as an Indian! Her hair down her shoulders, her cheeks as red as fire, her eyes sparkling. With her flag in her hand, and all, she reminded me of a picture of the Goddess of Liberty I saw somewhere once! Genuine Southern woman!"

"But they say Mr. Neely—" began Mrs. Sorel.

"A Yankee!" interrupted Mrs. Juggins. "Giaour!" may come very strong from the lips of an exasperated Mussulman, but it could not express more unutterable disgust than "Yankee!" did from the lips which then spoke it. "To lie like a Yankee" expressed a proficiency in the art which Satan himself might envy. "To run like a Yankee" left the old similes of deer and greyhound far behind. "A Yankee!" hurled by one boy on the play-ground at another was considered the quintessence of all insult and cursing. "Abolitionist" used to be considered strong language, but "Yankee" was stronger still—it meant the abolitionist armed and equipped and in full operation.

"Yet no one is a more ardent Secessionist," said Mrs. Sorel, in her gentle manner.

"Fine looking fellow, too!" put in the Colonel.

"I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I don't think Miss Ally could stand a Yankee. I don't care how much they make-believe Secession. I hate them only that much more. Let them go back where they came from! What I say is, let them let us alone; we don't want to go among them that I know of. However, Ally'd rather marry even a Yankee than a Union man any day. And if she did, there's Mrs. Bowles—it would kill her stone-dead!"

"Why, you are as piert as a tree-frog, old woman!" said her husband. "It's more than I feel after that Donelson news."

In a few moments Mr. Barker had left, carefully and cordially shaking hands with Colonel Juggins and his wife, and scarcely honoring Mrs. Sorel with a distant bow as he passed out. The subject of the war being exhausted with his departure, Mrs. Juggins and her husband were to Mrs. Sorel for the rest of her visit the same plain, cordial friends as before Secession was dreamed of by them.

But it was in vain, a day or two after, that the Colonel read aloud to his wife every word of the Somerville *Star*. That Fort Donelson had fallen, and that Nashville was threatened, was too evident. It is true the Colonel read several times over, with deep satisfaction, the important information derived from the gentleman direct from England; yet even this news, new as it was and delightful as it was to the Colonel, produced but a momentary relief.

It was a satisfaction, however, to learn, as he did from the Somerville *Star*, that the recent disasters were all owing to the most unexpected and abject cowardice of the military leaders—an event which could by no possibility ever take place again. Besides, the *Star* had ascertained that the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers were both falling so rapidly that the capture of the Federal gun-boats and transports was a certainty. The *Star* even gave an estimate of the amount of provisions and military stores which would thus fall into the hands of the Confederacy—"brought to us by the fiendish enemy just when and where we needed them most."

Never had the Somerville *Star* shone more clearly than in the passing darkness of the hour. "Mark our words," said the *Star*, "if any of our readers fall in with any one who entertains a doubt, or the shadow of a doubt, of our success in this glorious struggle for all man holds dear, that doubter is a *traitor*; yes, a TRAITOR to his country, and *should be dealt with as such!*"

A NEW DISEASE; OR, PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS.

SAID Mr. Jonas Barcarole, looking about him at breakfast, "Has any body seen John Misling lately?" Every body looked at Clara.

"He has not been here in a month, Sir," answered the beautiful Clara, promptly.

"Hum!" said Mr. Barcarole; "ha! the young fellow may be sick. I should think somebody had better look after him;" and buttoning up his overcoat, for it was now well on in the chilly weather, the President of the Primrose Bank went down town; but Clara's conscience staid by the breakfast-table; and it tweaked and twinged her with remembrances of the way in which she had snubbed this poor little Misling, who labored under the double disadvantage of being a cousin, and madly in love with her; and it drew such terrible pictures of the forlorn little man, lying sick and untended in his dreary lodging-house, that it spurred her up, and drove her on to her dressing-bureau, where she arrayed herself in a velvet basque, a violet hat, and the smallet buff-tinted kid gloves, into which she could squeeze a very pretty little hand; and fortified by the presence of her aunt, Mrs. Douglass, a lace handkerchief, and a vinaigrette, went to find and nurse her missing cousin.

Now John Misling was a wholly inappropriate, unfortunate, unseasonable, and absurd individual! Noisy when he should be silent, mum when he should talk; the round man in the square hole; the third person at a tête-à-tête; the man never to see the paper in which he was told to call somewhere and hear something to his advantage; to have the small-pox when you counted on him as groomsman; to break his leg if your case depended on his evidence; while his mental and physical qualities, taken together, made such an odd jumble that you might have supposed that Nature had compounded him out of the scraps and leavings of every body's disposition and *physique*. For example: joined to the muscle of a young lady he had a preposterous itching for frays and adventures. He blushed and perspired in the presence of women, and was always dreadfully snubbed by them, and yet fancied himself a hero among them. He was scant five feet two inches in height, with a huge nose and a red shining face, and yet was haunted by a notion of carrying himself loftily and gracefully. He squeaked, stammered, talked fast, and without any commas, and insisted on trying to shine in society. He was the author of perhaps more rejected manuscripts than any one in the United States, and yet firmly believed in his own talents as a writer; and though utterly penniless and ridiculous in every one's eyes but his own, was madly in love with his beautiful cousin, Clara Barcarole, the daughter of the wealthy President of the Primrose Bank, and one of the most fascinating girls in New York.

During the month in which he had been missed from the Barcarole mansion he had written a book, and the polite publishers of the house of Sanscrit & Co. had promised it "their earliest attention." He calculated that their "earliest attention" signified three weeks, and at the end of that time intended to demand an advance of five hundred dollars on the book. Out of the five hundred dollars he would buy a pair of new trowsers, and in the trowsers he would call on the beautiful Clara, and give her an opportunity of becoming Mrs. John Misling. Meantime—and there is not a more difficult operation in the world than living out a "meantime"—Misling had only a balance of twenty-five cents in his pocket, and no prospect of money from any quarter. In this dilemma he picked up a little printed bill, reading as follows:

"J. CANTRELL, Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's cast-off Clothing, Bed-clothing, Boots, Shoes, old Metal, old Umbrellas, Musical Instruments, for all of which the Subscriber will give the highest Prices. He hopes any one who reads this Bill will look up all they have; if ever so trifling, it will be purchased. J. C. returns his sincere thanks for the liberal Encouragement he has received, and hopes every Person will look up all they can.

"N.B.—The Bill and the Goods will be called for in two hours.

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

Misling had no old umbrellas or musical instruments to offer the accommodating Mr. Cantrell; but besides the gray mix that he was just then wearing he owned a pair of linen trowsers. There would be a certain risk in the venture; for, between ink-spots and mutton-chops cooked over the gas, there was nothing left for the "gray mix" but to be washed. While they were in the hands of Mrs. O'Flaherty Misling would be a trowserless man; and it would be like his luck for the house to take advantage of his situation and burn down; or some one might call; or Mrs. O'Flaherty might get drunk and forget him. But nothing venture, nothing have. Misling sold the linen trowsers, provisioned himself with crackers and cheese, and, with many injunctions, placed the "gray mix" in the hands of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

It was then, of all days in the year, that Clara Barcarole brought her violet-hat, her aunt, and her lace handkerchief to look after her unlucky cousin, and fluttering up the dingy steps of the dingier lodging-house, filled its onion-scented halls with wafts of Night-blooming Cereus, and the breast of its landlady with profoundest astonishment.

Misling heard them coming, the shrill voice of his landlady sounding in advance; for, as there was no waiting-room, the good woman had marshaled them up the damp stairs at once.

"This way, ladies. Take care—them steps at the top is broken. The third door on the left, ladies."

Misling heard and glanced wildly around him. There was the fire-place; but it was obstructed by a fire-board and a rusty stove, and, besides, he had never learned to climb a chimney. Closets there were none. He had no trunk, and might have hesitated about getting into it if he had. Impossible to get under the bedstead, for it was a cot, and, in his fright, it never occurred to him to lock the door; and hearing the rustle of silk and patter of boot-heels close at hand he sprang hastily into bed, covering himself up to the tip of his nose, just as Clara and Mrs. Douglass entered.

"Ah!" said Clara, looking about her compassionately. "Just as I thought. Now, Cousin John, how bad of you to be ill, and never send us word, and make me come all this way to find how you were!"

"You are an angel," answered Misling, vaguely, and tingling with pleasure and pain alike; for if it was so good of her to search him out, yet how dreadful to be visited by an angel when a man's trowsers were in the wash!

"Have you been long ill?" asked Mrs. Douglass, kindly, her womanly sympathies thoroughly aroused by the dreary, chilly, bare, little room.

"Yes—no—that is—a day or so;" returned Misling, getting scarlet.

"He has a fever," said Clara, growing more and more concerned. "Look at his face, Aunt Miriam! Just think of his lying sick and alone in this—"

She was going to say miserable den, and certainly the expression did the wretched little room no more than justice; for there was no fire in the rusty stove—the carpet, in the wear and tear of years, had forgotten long ago the pattern of its youth—and the table, adorned with bowl, ewer, shaving utensils, crackers, cheese, and stationery, was of pine, as were the two hard chairs occupied by the ladies.

"What medicines have you taken?" asked Mrs. Douglass, observing that Misling shrank from every notice of his surroundings. "If you have fever I would recommend—"

"I never take drugs," cut in Misling, hastily. "Perfect quiet, light diet"—here he glanced at the crackers and cheese—"are the remedies to which I always resort."

"You are accustomed to it then. You are often ill in this way?" queried Clara.

"Yes; my attacks may be said to be periodical," said Misling, not without a secret relish of his own wit, dangerous as was his situation.

"Periodical attacks!" echoed the young lady, to whom the words conveyed a very dreadful idea indeed, and opening wide her handsome brown eyes. "And you do nothing for them at all, cousin John?"

"Well, no—not exactly. I—I—" stammering, and cornered; "the fact is," brightening—"I use hydropathic remedies. I have great faith in the virtues of water;" secret relish of his own wit again.

"No wonder you are ill; but you need not suppose you are going on in this heathenish way now, Sir, that you have fallen into better hands than your own;" showing symptoms of taking off her gloves. "We do not mean to leave you till we have seen you more comfortable, do we, Aunt Miriam?"

Misling burst out in a cold perspiration, and, for the first time in his life, wished his fair cousin at the antipodes.

"You must not think of such a thing! You are too good," he stammered. "I am well—that is, I shall be well soon. You really give yourselves too much trouble."

"You hear," said Clara's conscience, bounceable as ever, under the velvet basque; "he lives here, half frozen on bread and cheese, till he falls ill; and then he calls you, who snubbed him, every time he approached you, 'too good,' because you take the trouble at last to ask whether he is alive or dead. Your own cousin, Miss; and if he dies whose fault will it—" Here the conscience was cut short by a tear from Clara, which she wiped away, not on the lace handkerchief, but on a plainer one taken from her pocket, saying:

"We are not too good at all; and we are not going to be put off in that way, are we Aunt Mir?"

"If John will tell us something of his symptoms," returned Mrs. Douglass, doubtfully. "What do you call your illness, John?"

"Yes, what is it, Cousin John? What is the matter?" echoed Clara, turning her face, all alive with compassionate interest, toward the unhappy Misling, who experienced th eagony of all rogues when they see detection approaching. Whatever he pleaded he was sure to be tripped on the symptoms, or exposed by the first doctor called in to attend him. He grew pale and red, hot and cold, by turns, as he ransacked his brains for some unheard-of disease, when suddenly he remembered, apropos of the luckless trowsers, Charles Read's novelette, "*Propria quæ maribus;*" and also that Clara not only knew no Latin but seldom opened a book.

"The disease is constitutional. In fact it may be called hereditary," said the little wretch, his mouth twitching. "I remember that my father often suffered from the same cause. There is nothing for it, as I said before, but time, quiet, and the water-cure. It is called *Propria quæ maribus.*"

"How strange!" exclaimed Clara, with evident horror. "It must be dreadful. Is it very painful? I never heard of such a thing; did you, Aunt Miriam?" But Mrs. Douglass had walked hastily to the window, and stood there looking out, presenting to the company only a back view of her shoulders, which for some reason twitched unaccountably.

"Aunt Miriam!" exclaimed Clara, in surprise, and vaguely alarmed; "Cousin John! Aunt Mir! what is it? Is it incurable? Is it any thing like fits?" edging around to peep under her aunt's bonnet, when she saw, to her inexpressible astonishment, that lady crimson, convulsive, and choking with suppressed laughter.

"I think we might go, Clara," said Mrs. Douglass, gurgling. "I do not believe that it is very dangerous. John will be likely to get on better without us," gasping hysterically.

"Aunt! Cousin John! what *is* it all about," asked the astonished girl, turning toward Misling. Misling made no answer. He was trying to die. Just at this juncture a heavy step shook the boards of the little entry, and, without knocking, entered Mrs. O'Flaherty, the "gray mix" dangling from her arm.

"An' here's yer pants, Misther Misling," laying the articles in question on his bed, "though yez betther not be afther puttin' thim on jist yet, I'm thinkin'; maybe they be'nt dhry intirely, I hurried thim so." All the time staring hard at the lilac hat and Aunt Miriam; and coming to a dim notion that she might have been indiscreet, Mrs. O'Flaherty drew a long breath, and mended the matter thus:

"An' shure and I'd have waited ef I'd known yez had company, only yez said yez couldn't go out till I brung thim, and charged me so petiklar, ye knows."

Mrs. Douglass rushed frantically out of the room, followed by Clara, and Misling heard them on the landing.

"Aunt, what is it, and what is *Propria quæ maribus?*"

"His trowsers, child, his trowsers! It means, that which is proper for men! Did you never read the story? Oh! oh! oh!" Suppressed giggles, rush and rustle of skirts on the stairs, and then the jar of the front-door below. They were gone. Misling was a proper and a decorous little man, but he could not help saying, in strict confidence to the luckless "gray mix," still on the foot of his bed, "D—n it!"

Shortly after the President of the Primrose Bank gave Misling a new suit and a situation at six hundred a year; but we fear Misling could hardly have been sufficiently grateful, for he never gave the President's daughter in return that opportunity of becoming Mrs. John Misling.

WATCHING FOR THE NEXT THING.

THERE is reason to believe that some people never watch, so that their lives never contain any Next; things happen, and there is an end. It is doubtful if such persons could understand Cato's soliloquy, or Hamlet's. If they have any feeling about death, indeed, it must be that it is next—to nothing; but probably they have none. Such people, however, even if they ever read, can not be readers of any consequence; for the better part of the interest of reading lies in watching for the next idea. Let us, then, leave the consideration of pleasing these good folks till—next time. Their constitutional peculiarity will prevent their feeling the slight. But in the mean while we may, in passing, compassionate them; for theirs is in many ways a melancholy lot. They can never enter with zest into the higher mathematics. They can feel no joy in thinking of the infinite divisibility of matter. They can take no proper interest in dissolving views or inexhaustible bottles. They could not possibly become absorbed in Fearne on Contingent Remainders, or astrology, or unfulfilled prophecy, or chess, or the kaleidoscope, or any thing that comes Next. They must stick to their Last; and, for my part, I would not stand in their shoes.

It is plain, among other things, that the persons of whom we now speak could never, in childhood, have snatched the fearful joy which you and I have tasted upon being authentically told that we should die after It. *This* demands an acute apprehension of the Next—and they have none at all. They can appreciate no argument founded upon succession. They never enjoyed the spectacle of a file of soldiers coming round a corner, or a flight of birds coming up from behind a clump of trees; or even a flight of stairs in a proper manner. What could a man of this kind make of Jacob's ladder? or of the paying out of the Atlantic telegraph, for that matter? It must surely have been a witness of this order who gave that ridiculous answer to the barrister's simple question, which way the stairs ran. "One way they ran up, and the other way they ran down." To a properly constituted mind there are few objects of greater interest than a cork-screw, but the class of whom we speak could make nothing of such an instrument.

To some lukewarm person who had never quite approfounded the subject we are, doubtless, indebted for the popular proverb which informs us that the watched kettle never boils. Then, pray, what does it do? Are we to be told that a kettle is conscious, and has a will, or that the laws of matter are suspended? I will maintain, to my last cup of tea, that the singing of a kettle is unconscious, metaphorical; and that watching one communicates no disinclination to come up to 212° Fah. The proverb is either a parable or a *jeu d'esprit*—take your choice. If a parable, the Kettle is the Universe; which, to human eyes, is ever on the boil, never boiling; always growing, never full-grown. Or, again—and this will please people who like a good moral—the kettle is the work in watching which the watcher neglects some plain duty; and in that case the meaning is, Leave your Kettle to the fire underneath it, and go and do the next thing that lies handy. But there is a *nextiness* about this view of the subject which throws doubt upon the kind of author to whom the proverb should be attributed. Taken as a metaphysical *jeu d'esprit*, the meaning is clear—we heard the same sort of thing from the Brazen Head in the Middle Ages, you know. If you *watch*, the kettle never boils; it is either going to boil, or it *has* boiled. This is evidently the product of a mind like that which said the stairs ran up one way and down the other; and, unless it be taken as a pure jest, is a remarkable instance of human depravity. As a practical joke it may pass—it is like taking away a man's chair when he is wanting to sit down; but otherwise it is the *oubliette* of Consciousness. It is rubbing out the *punctum stans*, and destroying the Eternal Now. And what is the next thing?

The nearest practical approach to *this* view of the case of the watched kettle is that of sleep that is watched for. Many of us know what it is to lie in bed counting the hours, and watching for unconsciousness. Now, this is manifestly absurd of us. We are as bad as the man who said he would go and see in the glass how he looked with his eyes shut; or as the man who, keeping his pigtail behind, fancied he could see it by turning his head. These errors are founded upon misconceptions of the eternal nature of things, which are as plain to the meanest capacity as that you can not have your cake and eat it; and the melancholy fate of the two men is well known. The man with the pigtail grew so infatuated with the chase that the speed of gyration became unbearable, and he span to death: the Irishman tried so persistently to look into his own shut eyes, reflected in a mirror, that he at last fancied he had become a camera obscura, or a catoptric cistula, I forget which, and alienated all his friends by charging to be looked at.

Well, you and I may, and, let us hope, shall, escape the fate of these men; but we are quite as ridiculous when we watch for sleep. What we know is that we are not asleep, and that we want to be; but it is impossible to know the fact when the essence of being asleep is to not know that you are awake. If Dr. Wigan were right—if the two hemispheres of the brain could carry on separate lives, and hold different opinions, and argue with each other, and convey different impulses to the motor nerves—*then* we might look forward to being asleep, and knowing it. But who would wish for a double-action brain, unless, indeed, he contemplated making a fortune by going about in a show, like a spotted baby, and then subsiding, upon his retirement, into becoming uniformity? Double consciousness might be agreeable at times, and under very complicated conditions, but it could never rank higher than throwing up two balls at a time for amusement. I would myself never trust a man who was Protestant with half his head, and Romanist with the other half; nor would the policemen, to say nothing of the street-boys, permit, in public thoroughfares, a man to stand in one spot all day long, with his right leg propelling him one way, and his left the other. Besides, if such a constitution were to be encouraged, what would become of Social Science? You would have double columns of averages directly; and how could you escape the return upon you, in a fresh form, of the insoluble problem of the three bodies?

It is quite certain that the clown, who said all he wished for in the world was to sit upon a gate and eat fat bacon forever, made a mistake. In time he would have found himself watching for the next thing, and so on, in endless repetition, till he discovered, if any one interpreted him to himself, that he wanted both ends of the rainbow. In the *Palais de la Verité* of Madame de Genlis there is a fairy, who, in the revenges of her jealousy, sentences her husband's mistresses to all manner of fantastic punishments. One of them, a very vivacious girl, she condemns to an apparently endless stay in a country made on purpose, consisting entirely of level grass, smooth green sea, and cloudless sky bending over. Unless the poor creature had been rescued she would have gone mad, watching for something to be next. There are situations in life when the passion of watching has made the mind like a voice that has reached the sensitive note—it grazes the brink of the next, which seems as if it must come. One's feeling in such a case is almost one of madness if there be much suspense. A rapid, seemingly endless succession of nexts is capable of giving the same feeling, of maddening the mind; but, also, of soothing it. Who does not know what it is to look over the side of a vessel and watch the swift-following waves, or the swift-following bubbles of the foaming track with a feeling that, if the line were broken, if one single *next* were missed, it would be madness, despair, and infinite darkness, as if the world must at that moment end? I have done it myself till it seemed as if my heart would stop beating, and with it the great pendulum of God, which beats time for heaven and earth, if the pace of the current were broken. So, again, with a field of waving wheat, or blowing grass, or a mass of woodland bent by a great even wind. It has seemed to me as if no note of passion, no shriek of agony, or shout of joy—for either would do—could be strong enough to express sympathy with a meadow of butter-cups, tossed and retossed by the wind. If that should be the last undulation—if the golden flowers should wave no more! A feeling as of drowning, as of sense half-submerged in a full fathoms deep through silent water, comes over me—there is, already, a singing in my ears, and a mist before my eyes—the time is, in reality, only a part of a second, but it seems an æon till the next wave comes. But it *has* come—they move, they laugh, the golden billows—the pendulum of God has not stopped beating—it is not yet the day of nothingness and silence. It is at such a moment as this that the horizon strikes the eye afresh with a sense of infinity. Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and in the pulses of an endless flight there would be something to silence the beatings of my heart!

If there are readers who can remember nothing in their own moods, of which this is a very faint copy, there are, I must think, but few who will not be able to recall something like it in connection with music. Have you never felt as if the close of some exquisite strain of harmony must be *followed* by something, or that your heart must that moment cease to beat? No man can see God and live, might the rapt soul say; but what remains but that I *should* see Him and die? And then there is the beating sound in the ears, the half-moment of watching, scarcely conscious, with a feeling as if some monstrous bird, blacker than a thousand midnights, were sweeping up, up, up from the underworld behind to darken all, and end all, if nothing comes. And nothing comes. But these

> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,

do not pass without being remembered; sometimes we can recall them at one bound of thought; and then—

> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

We have all heard of the "rustic"—*rusticus expectat*—who is represented to be waiting till the river has run past him. But the human mind never did really conceive such a rustic. Wordsworth says, you know ("Essay on Epitaphs"), that "there never was a child who, standing by a stream, did not wonder where it came from, and where it would go to." If such a child there were, he would, of course, be father to the man (if such a man there really is, and I fear I have hinted as much) who never watches for the next thing. But there are, in truth, perhaps few children, perhaps none, who have not felt what we may call the transient madness, the hysteric passion, of watching for the next thing. Some have felt it, as adults weakened by fever have felt it, on merely looking at the dancing spangles of a chandelier; others in looking at a tree, the top of which just peeped over the gable of a house-roof; or at the swift-rising moon. The tree seems as if it must grow higher that instant; and what then? what will *not* happen? The moon, as if she must climb swiftly up to a given mark, and then up to another, and another—and what will be the consequence? what will *not* be the consequence? A passage in a well-known poem of Wordsworth's, in which the dropping of the moon behind a cottage-roof is followed by a suggestion of the death of his Lucy, may help to redeem this kind of phantasy from contempt in the minds of my readers—if any—who feel that it is too trivial to be worthy of a thought. But, indeed, nearly all men, in highly-wrought moods, have sensations which are analogous. It was not a child, a weakling, or a fantastic person, into whose mouth the same poet put words such as these—he was only a man in love—

> The clouds pass on; they from the heavens depart:
> I look—the sky is empty space;
> I know not what I trace;
> But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.
>
> Thou Eglantine, whose arch so proudly towers
> (Even like a rainbow spanning half the vale),
> Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,
> And stir not in the gale.
>
> For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
> To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
> Thus rise and thus descend—
> Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear.

"The man," Wordsworth continues, "who makes this feverish complaint, is of giant stature, and could dance in iron mail." But this is what love has brought him to! Love, who "has been a villain since the days of Troy and Helen; who caused the fall of Paris, and a good many more."

There are times when a quick succession of nexts is found merely soothing; but they are times of reactionary languor, when there is not left force enough to watch; when what we attend to is the rhythm only. Thus, we find the ticking of a clock soothing—indeed, to mention this is commonplace. But what a dreadful effect may be produced upon the mind by the sudden *cessation* of the ticking of a clock, when once a certain experience has been gone through! Who that has counted the beatings of a pulse, or listened to the flutterings of a breath, watching for the next, and the next, and the next, and coming at last to the one which has no next, can bear, without agony, to hear a watch or a clock stop ticking, or to hear any rhythmical sound cease suddenly? Reader, one of the most horrible moments of my life was a moment in which the rhythmical noise of a common saw, heard over the parapet of a bridge in London, stopped suddenly when I was listening for it. In the distance the sound was softened; it had a *sough* with it, which reminded me, not too painfully, of the sound of human breath; but when it *ceased*, I thought I could bear no more in this world, and longed to be that moment taken away. Of course the emotion of that moment was imported from my recollection of a moment of which it was the symbol; but I think the sudden cessation of any thing with a *beat* in it was always a terror to me.

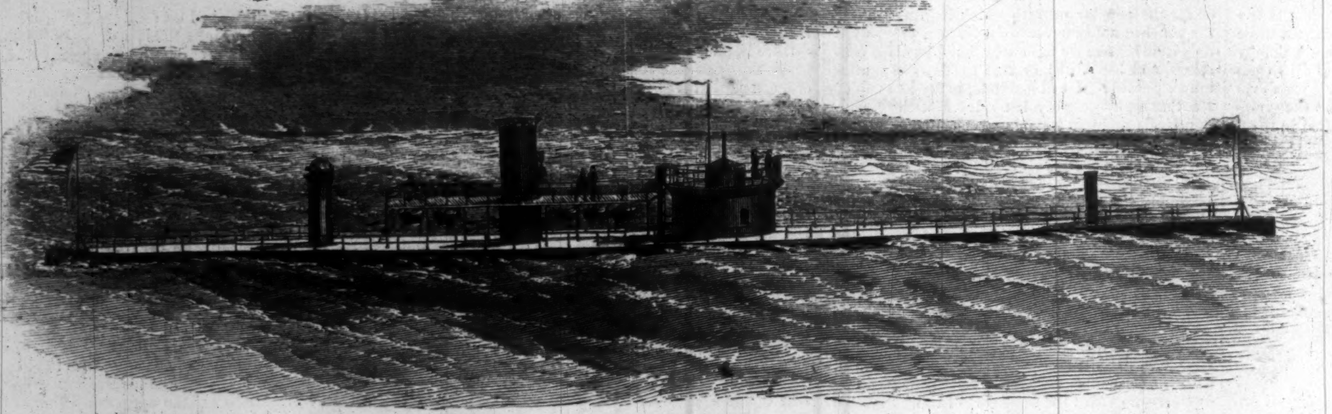
The fact is, there are some of us who have too much nextiness in our composition. "Can you draw an inference?" said Coleridge to the clown. "Yes, Sir," says the clown, "a cart-load of 'em!" That is the way with you and me: we are too eager to draw our cart-load of inferences; and when we find the inferences will not be drawn we suffer. No man can live into the middle of next week. Respect the almanac. How can you possibly have a whole twelvemonth at once? There is this peculiarity about the Next Thing, remember—that it is sure to come, whether you watch or not. And what a blessing there is in certainty! What relief in the thought that something must happen! We know the difficulty, *nous autres*, of holding in check our tyrannical, habitual mood of *passing on*. Every second of time in our experience throws out a pontoon bridge to the next. We live by a clock that has two sets of hands on the same dial-plate: one is right, and the other is always too fast. Our twelve o'clock is twelve-and-something-short-of-one-o'clock. This depends upon congenital peculiarities, of course—we can not wholly help it, and why should we try to? Still it is painful to have to confess, for example, that the longest musical key-board ever made to a piano appears too short to us. It *is* so. Looking at a piano the other evening, in a dreamy mood, I was afresh struck with a sense of the truncated or arrested appearance of the series of black and white keys—of course they stop when they *must*. "It is a nice one, isn't it?" said the lovely mistress of the instrument, bending her fair head over the cabinet of sweet sounds. "Imperfect," said I, lazily. "Dear me, where, Mr. Browne?" she inquired. "The key-board," I replied, "is not long enough." "Why," she resumed, "it's full compass—they do not sell them larger—how many octaves would you have?" "How many?" said I, "millions! When you get to the last, there ought to be one next to it; and one next to that." "Dear me!" said the lady, "it would be like the picture in the 'Vicar of Wakefield'—you could not get it into the room!" "No," said I, "it needn't be—you might have it round." Music-stools are always made to turn on an axis; so it would be easy to play upon." "Oh, Mr. Browne!" said this beautiful girl, "you are joking—think how giddy I should be!" "Then," said I, "let it go straight on till it comes to a stop; let it shade off into Space! There is plenty of room in the universe. People talk about wanting room for this, that, and the other, when extension is unbounded! I lay it down as a first principle that nothing ought ever to leave off!" "Oh, Mr. Browne!" said my friend, "*what next?*"

We do not expect a lady to be logical, so I did not press the point. Nor did I recommend her to read that great Christian Father who believed that at the Resurrection of the dead all bodies would be of a round form, because that was the only perfect figure. His private character may have been, and indeed was, virtuous; but he reasoned in a vicious circle. If every thing is supposed globular, and the globes are all concentric, the intelligence, placed outside, sees no question of *next*. But *movement* in a circle does not satisfy the mind which has once been fascinated with the charm of indefinite nextiness. I have often thought I should like to be lifted up on the wings of some huge, hovering bird, to such a height that, looking down, I could see the billows of the ocean, dark-green curves fringed with white, chasing one another, on and on, in an everlasting round. But there is always an unsatisfactory feeling comes over me when I picture to myself the last wave seething up to the same spot again, like the imaginary ship in the catechism of geography. It seems so foolish of it—as bad as a comet, which has always appeared to me a stupid form of being, *for coming back again*; would not a billow of any spirit watch his opportunity and go off into space, gradually changing the parabolic inflection of the start into a straight line? That is *my* feeling. Hence, I love better to think of the sea as a great plane, on which the white coursers run an endless race. Rough are their manes in the blowing south, and on they go, multitudinous in music. Never shall we, who stand on the shore, see one of them again. When *this* is gone, this in which dip the feet of the children, we shall see—the next. And always, and always, the next. How long shall we watch?

OUR IRON-CLAD NAVY.

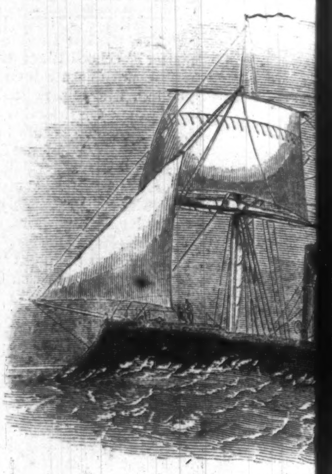
WE give this week on pages 72 and 73 engravings illustrating the iron-clad vessels of every class in the United States Navy. All together the number of iron-clad vessels constructed since the beginning of the rebellion amounts to 62. A very few of these have been lost; but in compensation for this loss several formidable rams, built by the rebels and captured by our forces, have become, with certain modifications, very efficient vessels in the United States Navy—sketches of three of which, the *Stonewall*, *Atlanta*, and *Tennessee*, are also given, in combination with those constructed by our Navy Department. Our iron-clad vessels are of the most various kinds, from the light-draught Monitor to the gigantic sea-going ram *Dunderberg*. All but six or seven of our iron-clads have the Ericsson turret. We have 13 double-turreted vessels. One—the *Roanoke*—has three turrets.

If we compare our navy with that of Great Britain two advantages, as it seems to us, are very apparent. In the first place, our navy greatly outnumbers the British in iron-clad vessels. According to the published estimate of the British navy in 1863 the whole number of armor-plated vessels of all kinds, even including floating-batteries, was 28. Then, again, the very principle upon which our iron-clads are built renders them, we think, vastly superior to even the most formidable armor-plated vessels in her Majesty's navy. Instead of a large, unwieldy vessel of the *Warrior* type, exposing a large surface to the shot and shell of an adversary, we have the compact, light, and easily-handled Monitor. In the latter but a small surface is exposed, and that is rendered almost impregnable. As a ram the *Dunderberg*—to take another specimen of our iron-clad fleet—is the most formidable vessel in the world. For our illustrations of iron-clad vessels we owe much to the admirable photographs published by ENDICOTT & Co., of this city.



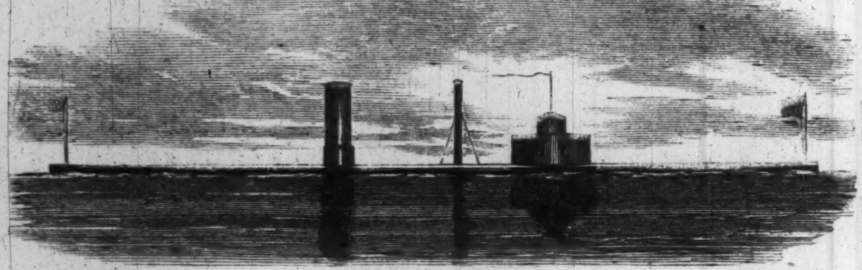
THE "DICTATOR."

Iron-clad Ram, 2 guns, 3033 tons, length 324 feet, breadth 52 feet, depth 22 feet. Built in New York by C. H. Delamater, from drawings and plans by John Ericsson. Launched December 26, 1863. Two vessels of this class—the "Dictator" and "Puritan"—both sea-going.



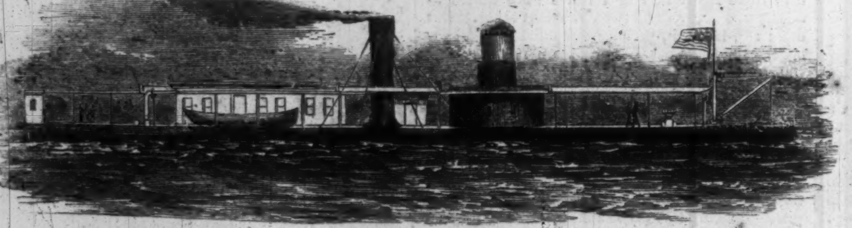
THE "ST

Steam Ram, a rebel cruiser, surrendered to the
close of the war—3 guns, 1200 tons. Plated with



THE "MANAYUNK.

Iron-clad, 2 guns, 1034 tons, length 224 feet, breadth 43 feet. Built at Pittsburg by Snowdons & Mason. There are eight vessels of this class, of which the "Canonicus" is one. Designed for harbors and rivers.



THE "OZARK."

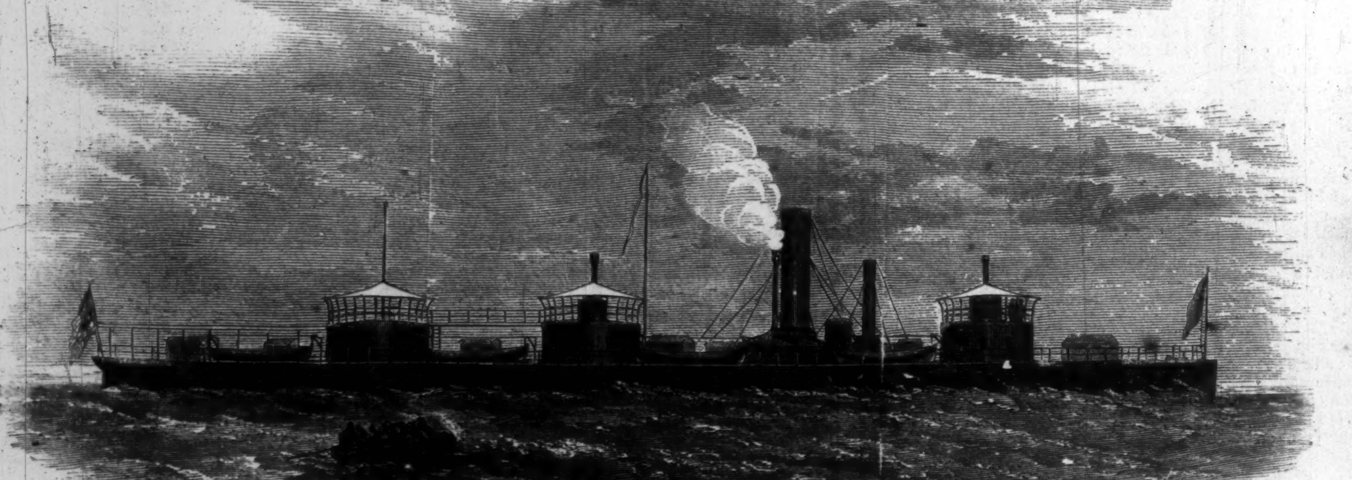
Iron-clad, 2 guns, 578 tons. Built at Mound City by George C. Bestor, 1863. Three vessels of this class—the "Ozark," "Neosho," and "Osage"—2 to 7 guns. Tonnage of the three, 1624.

THE "NEW IRONSIDES."

Iron-clad, 20 guns, 3486 tons. Built by Merrick & Sons, at Philadelphia. Launched May 10, 1863. Sea-going.

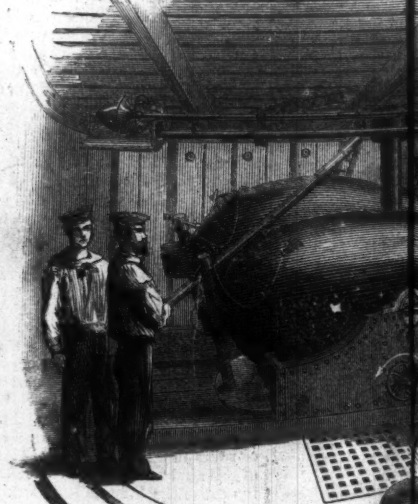
THE "ONONDAGA."

Iron-clad Battery, 4 guns, 1250 tons, length 228 feet, breadth 50 feet. Built by T. F. Rowland, Greenpoint, L. I. Launched July 29, 1863.



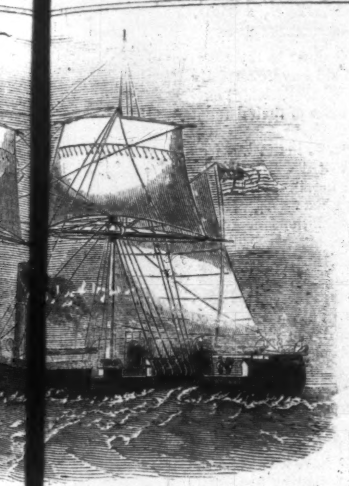
THE "ROANOKE."

Iron-clad, 6 guns. The United States Frigate "Roanoke" cut down to her gun-deck, plated. Received three Ericsson turrets at Novelty Iron Works, New York, 1863. Length 265 feet, breadth 52½ feet. Sea-going.

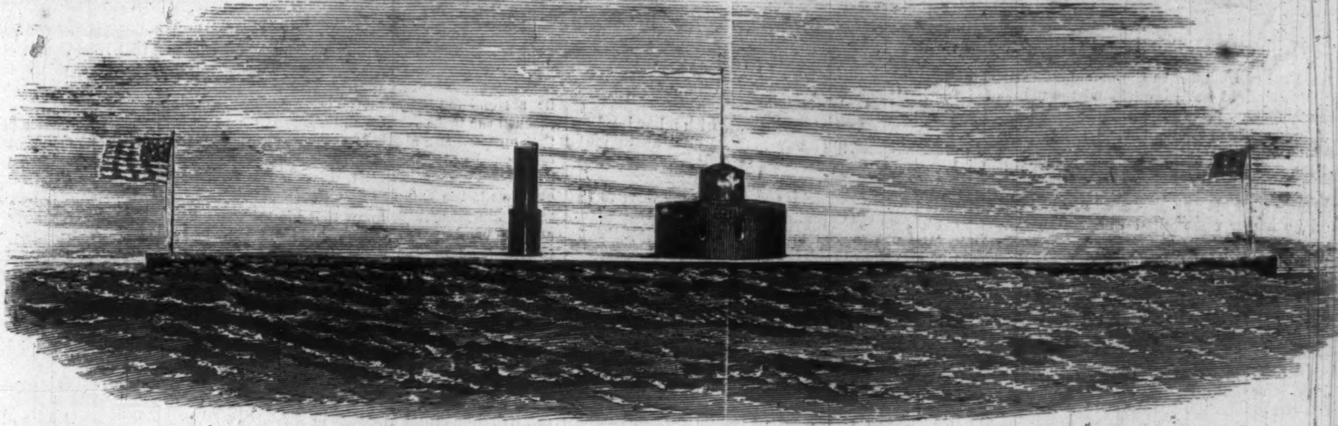


INTERIOR VIEW OF THE

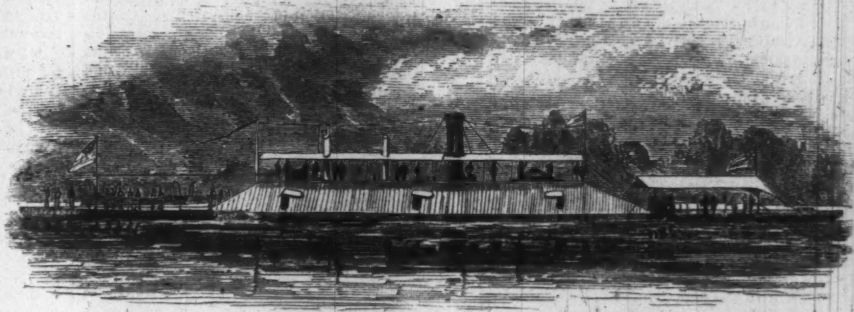
THE IRON-CLAD NAVY OF THE



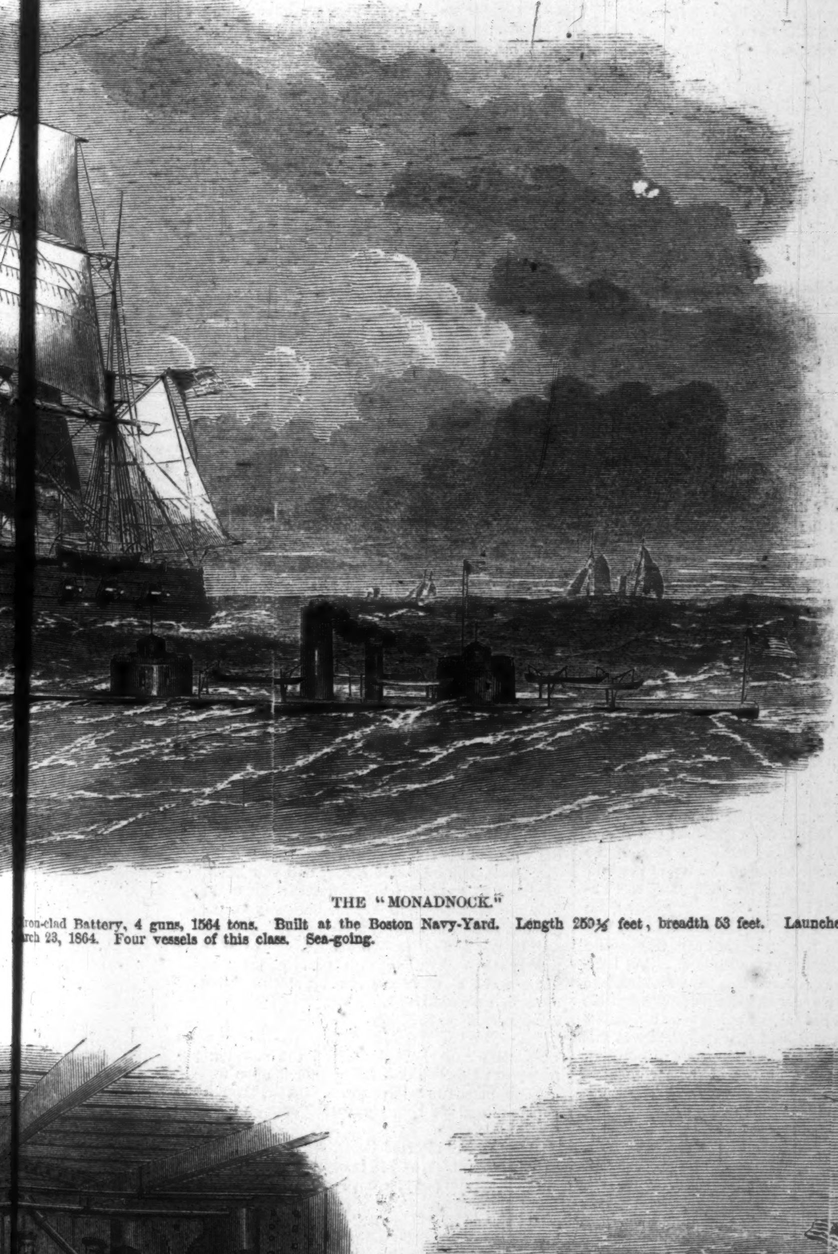
"STO WALL."
o the ted States by the Spanish Government at the
with inch iron, and 6 inch forward.



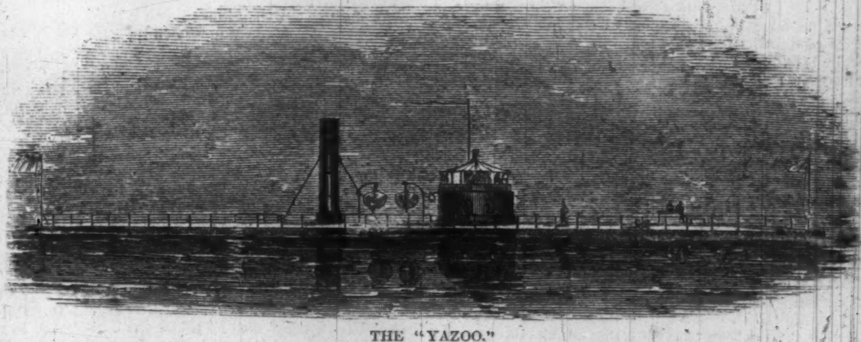
THE "WEEHAWKEN."
Iron-clad, 2 guns, 844 tons. Built by Secor & Co., Jersey City, 1862. Sunk in Charleston harbor, December 6, 1863. Nine vessels of this class, of which the "Passaic" is one.



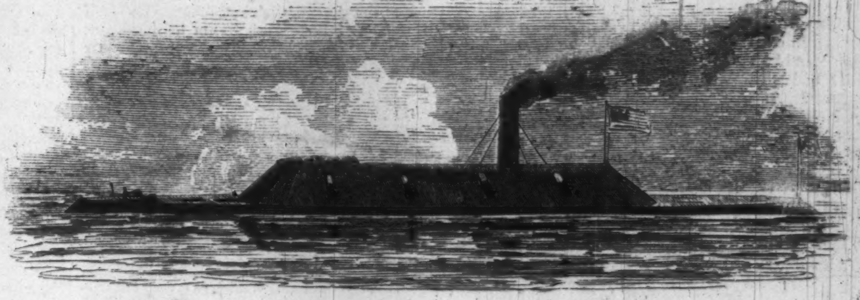
THE "ATLANTA."
Iron-clad Steamer, 6 guns, 1006 tons. Captured from the Rebels by the "Weehawken," June 17, 1863.



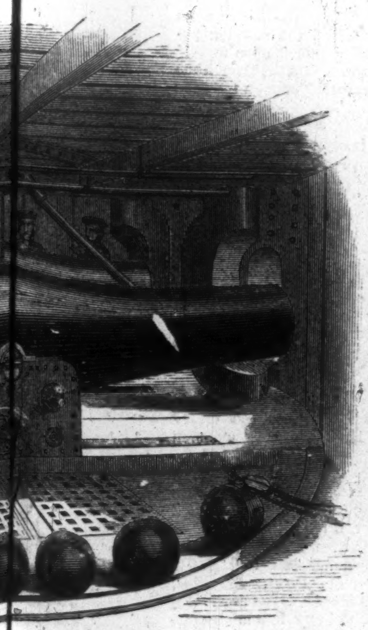
THE "MONADNOCK."
ron-clad Battery, 4 guns, 1564 tons. Built at the Boston Navy-Yard. Length 259½ feet, breadth 53 feet. Launched
rch 23, 1864. Four vessels of this class. Sea-going.



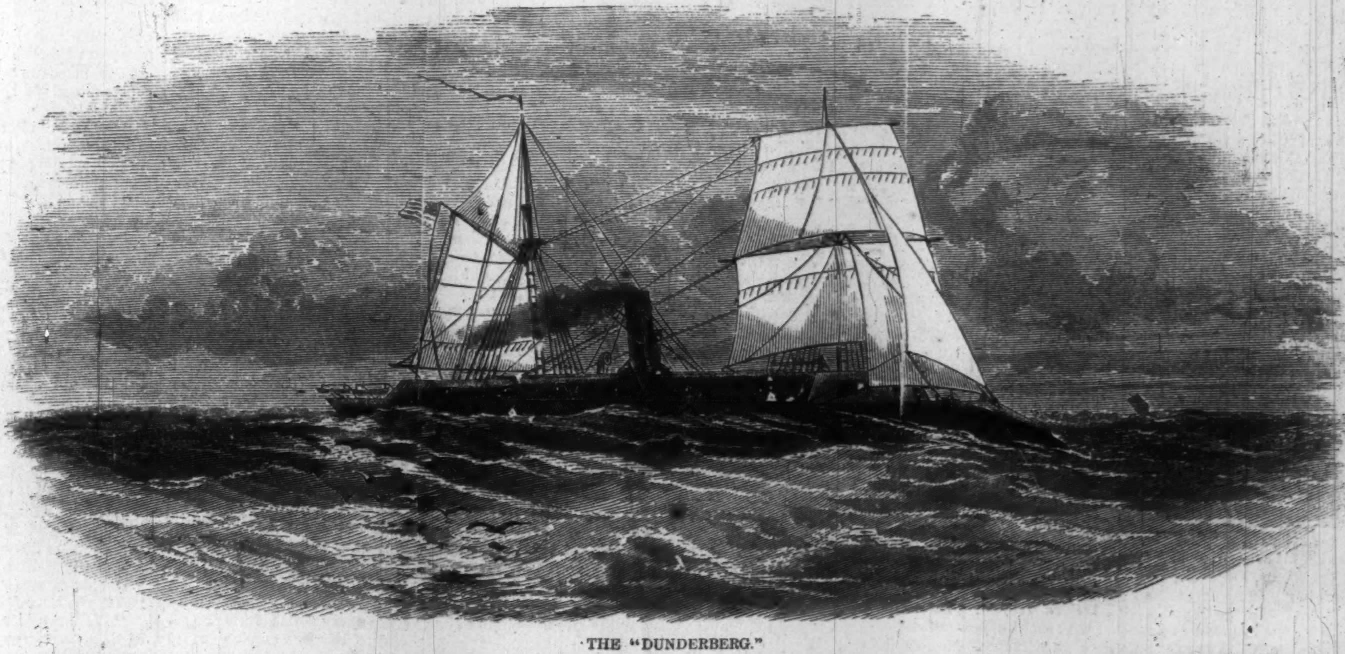
THE "YAZOO."
Iron-clad, 2 guns. Light draught. Built at Philadelphia. Twenty vessels of this class, carrying from one to two guns.
614 tons each.



THE "TENNESSEE."
Iron-clad ram captured from the rebels by Admiral Farragut, August 5, 1864. Length 260 feet, breadth 48 feet.



ERICSSON TURRET.



THE "DUNDERBERG."
Iron-clad ram, 16 guns, 5000 tons. Length 380 feet, breadth 68 feet. Built by W. H. Webb, at New York City. Sea-going vessel without turrets. Launched July 22, 1865.

UNITED STATES.—[See Page 71.]

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

IN the list of wounded in the memorable battle of Antietam might have been found the name of Patrick Mahoney, private in the 147th Michigan, and a subsequent examination or inquiry at the Adjutant-General's Department would have disclosed the fact that the said Patrick Mahoney had been honorably discharged from the service, within a short time after his convalescence, on the ground that he no longer represented the legitimate aliment for powder. This action of the Department was due to the Surgeon's report, wherein it was stated, in ambiguous technicalities, that the said private Patrick Mahoney was the undoubted proprietor of three bullets, one of which he carried in his right arm, and the other two in his left leg. The report, moreover, stated that the missiles in question had been so skillfully lodged in the fleshy tabernacle of the Irish hero, that all attempts to dislodge them through the ordinary processes of digging, boring, cutting, gouging, and other atrocities usually perpetrated upon the living subject under such circumstances, had totally failed.

With his discharge from the service in his pocket, together with a certificate signifying that the Government would at some future date settle his little bill for services rendered, a pipe in his mouth, a thick stick (alias shillalah) under his arm, the ex-infantry man, while walking down the main street of the town of K——, in the State of Michigan, tormented himself with perplexing speculation as to the means of getting back into the service again. That very morning he had called upon a celebrated physician of the place, in hopes of procuring a certificate of physical ability which would enable him to enlist again in his old regiment, but the doctor had assured him that it was quite impossible to pass him. Pat, bitterly disappointed, bewailed to himself the injustice with which he had been treated, and mentally anathematized the old physician, whose conduct appeared to the disappointed candidate to be prompted entirely by a spirit of personal malevolence.

"Shure it's a sin and a shame," soliloquized Pat, "that the old sawbones should say I wasn't fit for the sarvis. I wonder where was his conscience to cheat a poor boy out of an honest living, and the chance of fighting for the ould flag. I'll go bail, now, he is nothing but a *veteran* surgeon, and physics horses. Sorra knows I wouldn't trust him to physic a clothes-horse. He's swallowed a whole medical dictionary, and got the words down wrong end foremost. And just because I've got three bullets in my arms and legs. Shure I could carry a cart-load of bullets—I don't feel them. And didn't I hear Captain Matchlock say that onst in the oulden time a man had both his legs cut off in a scrimmage and fought it out on his stumps, like a rael old Irish gentleman as he was? And his name was O'Widdrington, a relation of my own by my mother's side. Hilloa! here's a pair of shoulder-straps coming down the street. By the powers, it's Captain Matchlock! Ah! isn't he the darling! He ought to have been born an Irishman, he takes to a shindy so asy."

The officer in question—a tall, dark-complexioned, handsome fellow—approached. As he drew near to Pat he was surprised to see the latter throw his cap into the air and dance an impromptu hornpipe.

"Long life to ye, Captain!" shouted the Irishman; "and how's the old Hundred and Forty-seventh? and when did you leave the Army of the Potomac? And how's Teddy Murphy, and Jemmy Molloy, and the old Billy Goat, and all the other boys? And sure ain't I glad to see you standing on your own pins, and not a scratch on your handsome face, my darlint, after that little scrimmage!" The little scrimmage referred to the battle of Gettysburg.

The officer, who seemed to be quite as much pleased as Pat at meeting an old soldier of his regiment, shook hands with the private, and exclaimed:

"Why, Pat! from what part of the world did you spring?"

"Ould Ireland!" answered Pat: "first flower of the earth and first gem of the say!"

"But how did you leave your regiment? You haven't deserted, I hope?"

"Deserted!" indignantly exclaimed Pat. "No; they discharged me."

"For what?" asked the Captain.

"For getting two bullets in my leg and one in my arm," said Pat, sorrowfully.

"They don't seem to trouble you much," said the Captain, laughing.

"Trouble!" returned the dejected Pat; "my heart's just broke with them."

"Why don't you get medical advice?"

"I'm just full of that same. The last surgeon I consulted wouldn't give me a certificate."

"What did he say?" asked the Captain.

"Oh," replied Pat, "he said a power of nonsense, and told me I had deranged ducks in my cistern!"

"Nonsense!" said the Captain.

"Thrue for you, Sir," replied the indignant Pat; "that's just what it was—the ignorant haythen! But, Captain, I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?" said the Captain. "If I can help you, you have only to show me the way. I've not forgotten that but for you I should have been left upon the field of Antietam."

"Ah!" said Pat, "that was the pleasantest scrimmage I ever got into; and, on my conscience, that butternut gentleman from Arkansas was the dirtiest chivalry of the whole lot. Do you mind that old piece of a scythe he was laying about with? I've kept it ever since, and, by the piper that played before Moses, I'm going to leave it to be handed down to my ancestors!"

"Yes," said the Captain. "I believe I should have become intimately acquainted with that interesting weapon if it had not been for your gallantry. But you haven't told me what I can do for you."

"Why then, Captain, darlint!" said Pat, "you are going back to the Potomac?"

"Certainly, Pat," replied the Captain. "The chances are that the army will advance."

"Then," said Pat, "I want you to take me along with you."

"Why, Pat, how can I take you?" said the Captain. "You know they won't allow civilians in the camp."

"Tear and ages!" cried Pat, with a howl, "I'm not a civilian. There's nothing civil about me! You know they allow you a servant; they'll see the buttons, and ask no questions."

"I might smuggle you in in that way, to be sure," said the Captain.

"Of course you might," returned Pat; "and when it comes to the shindy—"

Pat said no more, but went through an expressive bit of pantomime with the cudgel, commencing with the sabre exercise, followed up with taking accurate aim at a visionary general officer in a gray coat, and ending by pulling an imaginary trigger on the leveled shillalah.

"Very well," said the Captain, much amused at Pat's enthusiasm. "Since you have set your heart upon camp life I'll see what can be done for you."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Pat, jumping up, and then executing a violent and rapid "pas seul" on the sidewalk. "Hurrah! I'm *grafted* into the army of the Potomac. Perhaps I'll get to be a general. Won't it read beautiful in the dispatches. On the 14th General Patrick Mahoney made a severe diversion, all alone by himself, into the ranks of the enemy, and returned with the loss of one killed and seventeen wounded. Won't I get into the newspapers! Perhaps I'll be lucky enough to lose a leg, and they'll send me to Congress. Whew! Long life to the Mahoneys!" Here Pat executed another violent fragment of an Irish jig.

"Now, Pat," said the Captain, as soon as the volatile Irishman had become a little subdued, "there is something you can do for me—that is, if I can rely on your discretion."

"Of course you can," eagerly exclaimed Pat. "I don't know what it is, but you can rely on it."

"Very well," said the Captain. "I want you to deliver a note to a young lady."

"I'll give you a stamp," said Pat, "and you can send it through the post-office."

"Why, you stupid fellow," said the Captain, "you must deliver it secretly."

"Well," rejoined Pat, "they won't break it open in the post-office without there's money in it; sure it's safe enough."

"No, no," said the Captain, impatiently. "I want it delivered in such a manner that her uncle and aunt won't know any thing about it."

"Of course," said Pat, confidently; "I don't know her uncle and aunt, and I'll give it to her safe enough."

"You must be careful," said the Captain, "and be sure you make no blunders."

"Oh, I'll be careful, sure. Where does she live, the darlint?"

"Turn round," said the Captain. "Now do you see that large white house facing the end of this street on the top of the hill?"

"Murder! Captain; I can't go there," said Pat.

"Why? What's the reason?" asked the Captain, anxiously.

"I've been there before," said Pat.

"Well," said the Captain, impatiently, "that's no reason you shouldn't go there again, is it?"

"Isn't it, though!" replied Pat, shaking his head. "Perhaps you never had a kettle of boiling water emptied over your head, and a part of it into your shoes?"

"No, I certainly never did," said the Captain, laughing.

"Well, I have," growled Pat, "and the sensation is mighty disagreeable. I went there to see a wild Irish girl who is the cook there, and the old woman, old Mrs. Safeguard, that's her name, she baptized me."

"Well," said the Captain, still laughing, "she didn't approve of your flame, perhaps."

"No," returned Pat, with a grin; "but she introduced me to something quite as hot; the boiling water. And the old gentleman, he's a nice old curmudgeon; he called me a 'thayving blackguard of a soldier,' and said I ought to be sent to the alms-house."

"That didn't suit your views, I presume," said the Captain.

"Faix! I don't know," replied Pat. "Perhaps I was thinking of the *arms*-house when I went to see Biddie."

"It's unfortunate," said the Captain, "that you are known there; but you must make an effort. Can't you disguise yourself?"

"I can do that same," said Pat, in the most confident manner. I'll get some of my old mother's petticoats and transform myself into a Judy."

"That might do," said the Captain, highly amused at the idea of such a transformation, "if you think you could manage it without fear of discovery."

"Of course I can," said the elated Pat. "Don't you remember when the boys used to dance jigs, on the barn door we borrowed at Culpepper, and I was always the old woman with the petticoat and the hoops I got off of a flour barrel? Just you wait till you see me with a real illegant hoop on, and a little dudeen in my mouth, and you'll take your davy I'm my own grandmother."

"Very well, Pat," said the Captain, "I must trust to you. Do the best you can. You'll find me at the K—— Hotel, after you have got through your mission, which, I hope, you will carry out without going through boiling water a second time."

"Never fear for me, Captain," said Pat, rushing off. As he disappeared down the street the passers-by were electrified with an occasional line from the strikingly descriptive ballad of Bryan O'Lynn.

The Captain looked after him as he disappeared, and then took his way to the hotel. On his way he reflected upon "the situation." His sole resources were the pay of a Captain in the army, rude health, indomitable will, and a buoyant and elastic disposition. He was in that singular abnormal condition of mind always the result of a dreadful fall. His was of unfathomable depth, into the abyss called love. At the foot of the precipice over which he had thrown himself he had seen a pair of blue eyes, lovingly gazing upward through a maze of golden hair, and the last object given to his view when he completely lost his senses was a pair of white arms that beckoned him to approach. Brave as he was he surrendered without a struggle, and having reached the feet of the siren, he found to his dismay that an obstinate abatis of dog-wood, in the shape of a miserly uncle, and wormwood, in the guise of a still more covetous aunt, completely barred the entrance to the Temple of Hymen.

Captain Matchlock knew that his brief leave of absence would soon be over. He had tried in vain to obtain an interview with Mary Safeguard, for that was the name of his divinity, but had signally failed. The old couple, who were vigorously opposed to the match, kept the young lady under watch and ward, and exercised such a vigilant guardianship that no opportunity was afforded the lovers for either a chance or a premeditated meeting. Letters had been intercepted, and every device that human ingenuity could invent had been resorted to to create a breach in the faith and constancy so perseveringly shown by the lovers. The Captain was at his wit's end. He had almost made up his mind to call for volunteers, storm and carry the place at the point of the bayonet, when Pat unexpectedly turned up and suggested a transformation unknown to Ovid—Mercury in petticoats!

"I wish," soliloquized the Captain, "I had a better fortune to offer her than a Captain's pay, and a ticket in a lottery of bullets; but her guardians use her so unkindly that I believe any change, even the rude life of the camp, would be welcome to her. I have offered to take her away, by force if necessary. I have told her my mother would receive her, and when this war is over, and that will soon be, we would be married. I hope Pat will not fail. I must see her, or hear from her at once."

"Here's the *Times* and *Journal*, morning edition—great news from the Army of the Potomac!" shouted a ragged urchin, with a bundle of papers under his arm, who now came tearing up the street in full cry.

"Here, boy!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Yes, Sir," said the boy, coming to a stop, and standing on one foot. "Here they are, Sir; morning papers—great fight! Capture of Richmond—all the particulars."

"Never mind about the capture of Richmond," said the Captain; "that's been captured by the newspapers so often that the army don't take much interest in it. Let me see," he continued, looking over the telegraphic column, while the little urchin rushed on, startling the whole street with the news that Richmond had fallen once more; "let me see," said the Captain. "Hum!—'Frightful murder!'—'Grand Cavalry Skirmish!' Felicitous juxtaposition that; gross mismanagement of the War Department, of course; this correspondent was originally intended for Secretary of War. Here we have it, at last. 'Highly important from the Army of the Potomac!' 'No *probability of an Advance!*' There's something gratifying in the originality of that statement. Ha! what's this—'List of drafted men in the city of K——.' To be sure; I had forgotten the draft took place yesterday—no commutation this time; must serve. Some of these reluctant patriots had small appetite for their breakfast this morning, I'm afraid. 'List of drafted men—Ben Cassedy, Fish Henry, Thomas Evans, *Peter Safeguard!*' Huzza! I have him now. I'll *buy* my wife. Why, this fellow must be in the last agonies of fear. He knows it's next to impossible to get a substitute. Mr. Peter Safeguard, in about one hour, I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you." So saying, the Captain entered the hotel, which he had reached at the close of his cursory glance at the paper. Leaving him actively preparing to beat up the enemy's quarters, the reader may take the liberty of inspecting for himself the garrison of the white house on the top of the hill, now commanded by Mrs. Peter Safeguard, *vice* Peter, retired for gross incapacity.

Peter Safeguard was a small pattern, about five feet four inches in height, quite gray, thoroughly henpecked and subdued, and with one trait of individuality that perhaps saved him from sinking into hopeless imbecility under the sharp discipline of his wife's tongue. This salient point, which redeems Peter from being considered only generically in this sketch, was his grasping and covetous disposition. It was the only point upon which he contended with his wife. He had a horror of fashion, because it was expensive; and if the climate had permitted, in his cordial dislike of tailors and dress-makers, and their attendant horrors in the shape of bills, would have advocated the original fig-leaf costume as being strikingly appropriate, and, above all, economical. He was, for his sins, just forty-four years and eleven months old at the time when Destiny, as if with instinctive malice, had caused his name to come up in the wheel, and compelled Peter Safeguard to appear in the lists as a most unwilling champion in the cause of freedom.

Mrs. Safeguard was a little, thin, sharp-nosed woman, considerably older than her husband—a determined champion of woman's rights, and the proprietress of her husband in every sense of the word. She had wooed Peter with fierceness, and married him in spite of his remonstrances. Her father, an old ex-minister at one of the European courts, at the age of seventy-three, becoming fascinated with the attractions of a little, pale, slender widow, married her by stealth a year after he had lost his first wife, and brought her home to preside over his household, to the great wrath of his daughter. A war immediately broke out, and the result was that the Amazonian daughter met with a most ignominious defeat from the fragile widow, who proved herself a very Boadicea in arms. She not only succeeded in driving her enemy from the garrison, but beat the old diplomatist at his own weapons, by compelling him to settle every dollar of his property on her; and by dint of judicious nursing got rid of her superannuated husband, who died in a year after their marriage.

Mrs. Peter kept up the conflict in society; but the widow, better provided with the sinews of war, retained the superiority, and spoke of her step-daughter in so patronizing a manner to their mutual friends that the latter would have cheerfully consented to the introduction of the Oriental custom of burning widows on the tomb of their defunct husbands.

This estimable lady is now seated in the drawing-room of her own house; and seated with her, in a very despondent mood, the fair heroine of the story is compelled to listen to the advice, a thousand times administered, to receive the attentions of an old clodhopper whose only attractions consisted of bonds, mortgages, and other evidences of the great social evil, money.

"It is no use for you to talk, Mary," said Mrs. Safeguard, "Mr. Walworth is in every respect an eligible *parti*. I am determined you shall marry him, and your uncle is determined you shall marry him; so you might as well make up your mind to submit."

"I think my uncle has very little voice in the matter," said Mary.

"Indeed he has," replied the irascible Mrs. Peter; "and if he presumed *not* to have a voice in the matter I'd very soon teach him that he had. His voice is mine, and whatever *I* am determined on *he* is determined on, and *very* determined too, or I'd know the reason why."

"But, aunt," said Mary, "you know I have given my promise to Captain Matchlock, and if you could only be induced to approve the engagement—"

"Engagement! You talk like a child; there is no engagement, and never shall be. A soldier, indeed! I believe in the old saw, 'Marry a soldier and carry his wallet.' Besides, we have both set our hearts on your marrying Mr. Walworth."

"Why, aunt," said Mary, "he is seventy years old if he is a day!"

"Well," said Mrs. Peter, "that don't hurt him. If he is seventy years old he has twice seventy thousand dollars."

"And that," rejoined Mary, "I suppose you consider equivalent to twice seventy thousand virtues."

"Nonsense, child," said Mrs. Peter, impatiently. "Since you went to that fashionable boarding-school your head is full of rubbish and romance. The Prince of Orange once went down on one knee and tied up my shoe, when it had become unlaced at the court-ball. If it had been you, your head would have been completely turned. It didn't spoil me, though. And when the Baron de Vandercleuzin, a delightful young man, with weak eyes and light hair, with a great golden mustache, offered me his hand and heart I sent him about his business. I found out his income was just six hundred dollars, not enough to pay my shoemaker's bill. I married Peter, a steady man, and a man of property; and look at the consequences. He is a model of a husband, never quarrels, and we have every thing to make us comfortable. Depend upon it, there is nothing like money and the comforts it will bring."

"I would rather live on a crust for the remainder of my days," said Mary, "than marry a man I did not love."

"Stuff and nonsense!" rejoined Mrs. Peter, in the most positive manner. "'Love in a cottage.' Bah! love in a pig-sty; and who is this Captain Matchlock? Nobody knows any thing about him."

"He is a brave soldier, aunt," retorted Mary, indignantly—"a brave soldier, who has fought for his country—a title that every man who loves his native land should be proud of."

Mrs. Peter was about to reply to this indignant burst on the part of her niece, with some reflections upon the patriotism that was bought with money, when she was interrupted by the opening of the door and the appearance of the immortal Peter, who came in with a newspaper in his hand, and who proceeded to walk up and down the drawing-room in a manner so nervous and agitated that it excited the wrath of his amiable wife.

"Mr. Safeguard," said she, "will you have the kindness to explain what you mean by bursting into my presence like a mad bull, and bouncing about like a polar bear in a cage?"

"Matter!" exclaimed Peter, who was so completely taken up with his own troubles that he could not see the signs of the coming storm—"matter enough, I should think. Have you read the morning papers, Mrs. S.?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Safeguard, in her most sarcastic manner, "I *have* read the morning papers; but I don't think it incumbent upon myself in consequence to behave like a lunatic, though the papers nowadays *are* aggravating enough to worry a saint."

"That's it," retorted Peter, with as near an approach to a sneer as his inexpressive countenance was capable of; "you have read the papers, and don't know the news."

"I should like to know," said the acidulous Mrs. Peter, "any sensible woman who *does* know the news after reading the morning paper, especially when she has read the largest portion of it the day previous."

"I have seen more than I want to see, at any rate," growled Peter.

"Mr. Safeguard," said his wife, with her most determined look, "do you intend to explain yourself, or shall I have to use force?"

"The draft," said Peter: "now do you understand?"

"The draft," said Mrs. Peter; "what draft? Do you mean to say you have got the rheumatism again?"

"The rheumatism be—blowed!" said Peter, checking himself on the utterance of an oath and substituting a milder term. I've caught something worse than that, or, rather, it has caught me."

A sudden light broke in upon the understanding of his wife. She stamped her foot impatiently. "You don't mean to tell me, Peter," she cried, "that you have been fool enough to get drafted!"

"Well, my dear," replied Peter, in a mildly sarcastic manner, "as I had no particular choice in the matter, I don't see how I was going to prevent it."

"Prevent it!" retorted his wife, scornfully, "why didn't you get appointed on the Committee, and see that your name was left off the list?"

"You had better ask," rejoined the exasperated

Peter, "why I didn't reduce myself to sixteen years of age, or become suddenly deaf and dumb."

"Peter," said Mrs. Safeguard, whose wrath had changed to contempt, "you are a fool!"

"Thank you, my love," said the gratified Peter. "Unfortunately the Government don't reject individuals of the intellectual status that you have established for me."

Mrs. Safeguard, wringing her hands à la Julia, exclaimed, like that unfortunate heroine in the Hunchback, "What's to be done?"

Peter, misinterpreting the soliloquy for a call upon him for an opinion, proceeded to express it:

"Well," he exclaimed, "there are two horns to the dilemma: *one* is to shoulder a musket; and the *other* is to pay a thousand dollars, or more, for a substitute."

"The *last* is not to be thought of," said Mrs. Safeguard, reflectively.

"And the *first* won't *bear* thinking of," added Peter, with a shiver.

"Oh," said Mrs. Peter, impatiently, "you are a coward!"

"The fact of my marrying you proves the contrary, my dear," said Peter, complacently.

"That's right!" retorted Mrs. Peter, "abuse your wife! But I advise you," she said, with sudden ferocity, "to save all your wrath for the enemy. You'll need it before you get through!"

At this moment, and before Peter could find a fitting retort to this last unexpected attack, a knock was heard at the door. "Come in!" said Mrs. Peter, thinking it was one of the servants.

To her order the door quietly opened, and there appeared a stalwart woman, dressed in a calico frock, which was so long that it trailed on the ground. Although the weather was warm she was bundled up in a large woolen shawl, while her head was ornamented with the most outrageous pattern of a straw-bonnet, dating back seemingly to the fabulous ages; a green veil almost concealed her face—what was seen of it indicated a red, coarse, Irish countenance; while her voice, in its unmistakable brogue, proclaimed her race. This overgrown oddity stood at the door and courtesied several times, until Mrs. Safeguard, irritated at the sight, cried out:

"What do you want here, old woman?"

"Sure, ma'am, I'm in a dale of trouble," replied a voice so deep and hoarse that it added to the repugnance already felt by Mrs. Safeguard at her presence.

"What's that to me?" she cried. "Say what you want, and get about your business!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Pat—for it was he. "As you say, it's hard times for the poor widders; and my boy, the only one living out of seventeen, has been *grafted* into the army."

"Serves him right!" ejaculated Mrs. Peter, who hated the Irish. "What business had he to come to this country?"

"Sure, ma'am, he didn't come here at all. He was born here, ma'am."—Here Pat, by some ingenious twisting around, contrived to show Mary the corner of a letter, by "poking it at her" slyly, as he termed it, from underneath the shawl. Mary, whose perceptions had been sharpened under the surveillance to which she had been subjected, saw in this old woman an emissary of her lover, and by an almost imperceptible nod gave Pat to understand that she comprehended the plot.

"Sure, ma'am," said Pat, addressing himself to Mrs. Safeguard, "it wasn't the poor boy's fault that he was born here."

"Yes, it was," retorted Mrs. Peter. "He had no business to be born here. He's as big a fool as Peter here, who has gone and got himself drafted. But what do you want here?"

Pat, disregarding the question, gazed admiringly at Peter and exclaimed, "So they've *grafted* you into the army, Sir?"

"Yes, they have," said Peter, desponding as he thought of it. "The army is in luck."

"Of coorse," said Pat, "you are going to shoulder a musket and have a hand in the scrimmage?"

"Well," replied Peter, reflectively, "I think, considering the imperfect knowledge I have of that weapon, I should rather prefer some other hero shouldering it for me."

"Do you want a substitute?" asked Pat, eagerly.

"Well, yes," replied Peter, "if I could get a second-hand one cheap."

"I know where you can get one, Sir," said Pat.

"Where?" said Peter.

"Here," said Pat, striking himself on the chest. "I'm your man. I'll go cheap, just for the fun of the thing."

"You!" said Peter, looking contemptuously upon the blundering Irishman. "Do you think the Government will accept an old woman in my place?"

"An old woman!" retorted Pat. "Begorra!" he muttered to himself, "I quite forgot I was my own grandmother. Faix, Sir," he said, "I don't know why one old woman isn't as good as another old woman."

Here Mrs. Safeguard, who allowed no one to abuse her husband but herself, immediately struck in, most defiantly:

"How dare you," she cried, "call my husband an old woman, you impudent old wretch? It's my opinion you are intoxicated!"

"Sure," said Pat, "I'm fasting from all but sin this blessed moment; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to insult a poor lone widder, without a chick or a child in the wide world—not one out of seventeen, barring my poor boy Jemmy, and they've *grafted* him into the army. Sure they've broke my heart entirely, so they have, oh! oh!" Here Pat began to sob violently. "I've got the draft somewhere. I feel bad. Oh! somebody give me a glass of water. Oh dear! oh dear!"

Peter, who was the soul of liberality when it came to a glass of water, told Mary to bring it, and, with Mrs. Safeguard's assistance, supported Pat into a chair, Mrs. Safeguard, in terror lest the old wretch, as she [illegible] termed Pat, should have a fit. Mary returned in a moment, bringing a glass of water. As she held it out to Pat that ingenious gentleman contrived, with two simultaneous movements, to tread heavily upon Peter's foot, and to give Mrs. Safeguard an unpleasant dig in the stomach with his elbow. While Mr. and Mrs. Peter were writhing under these inflictions Pat contrived to slip the letter into Mary's hand, who, on receiving it, turned her back and walked to the window.

"Oh, I feel so much better now," said Pat; "I feel so much *relayved*. Every time I hear of any body being *grafted* it gives me a pain in my waist."

Mrs. Peter, who had been dancing around in the extremity of pain, recovered her breath at last sufficiently to order Peter to turn the old woman out of doors.

"I'd like to see him try it," said Pat; "I'd give him a disability in the army."

"Do you mean to say, you horrid old wretch, that you'll stay here in spite of us?" asked Mrs. Peters.

"Av coorse I do," said Pat, composedly. "Isn't my Jemmy sleeping out on the cold ground, and you living here in luxury, you ungrateful old woman?"

"Peter," said his wife, "if you don't kick that old woman out of doors you shall go to the army as sure as my name is Safeguard."

Peter, thus peremptorily ordered, rolled up his cuffs and slowly advanced toward the old woman, thinking to intimidate her by a show of resolution, but as he put out his hand to take her by the shoulder he was horrified at seeing a huge cudgel rise slowly and mysteriously from the folds of the woolen shawl. It shook ominously in the eyes of the startled Peter. He turned back his coat cuffs and backed away from the threatening weapon.

"No, I thank you, Mrs. S.," he cried. "I'll join the Army of the Potomac: I think it will be safer."

Mrs. Peter did not hear this refusal to obey her commands. She had suddenly become aware that her niece, with her back turned to her, was reading a letter: approaching her cautiously, she caught the paper from her hands, and in a moment made herself acquainted with the contents.

"Very pretty, indeed, you minx," she cried. "A love-letter from that wretch of an officer. But I'll frustrate his plans. As for you, you impudent old woman, I'll teach you what you may expect if you ever put your foot in this house again."

So saying, she caught up a highly polished brass poker which stood as an ornament at the parlor fireplace, and threatening Pat with it, ordered him to leave the house, or she would turn him over to the police with her own hands.

"The police!" exclaimed Pat, "I'd like to catch one of the villains putting their hands on to a lone widder."

"Very well, ma'am, I'll see if this poker or your Irish head is the hardest," said Mrs. Peter. So saying she attacked the unfortunate Pat, and rained such a storm of blows on his back and shoulders that the hero of a hundred battles was compelled to save himself by flight. He ran round the table, and Mrs. Peter pursued him with the fury of Achilles chasing Hector round the walls of Troy. In vain the flying foe broke down the bridges behind him in his flight by strewing chairs in the path of the relentless Fury. She showed so much agility that Pat, finding himself encumbered by his long skirts, gathered them up, and consequently exposed the light blue of the infantry. Mrs. Peter stood aghast at the sight, for one moment, and then rushed from the room and shrieked for the police. Mary followed her, and Peter and Pat remained the survivors of the skirmish. Pat immediately divested himself of his feminine garments, and stood in his skeleton hoop like a gigantic blue-bird in a cage. Peter, amazed at the transformation, was unable to speak for a moment. At last, recovering from his stupor, he exclaimed:

"Who are you, you rascal?"

"Who am I?" returned Pat, "why, don't you see, you unconscionable old haythen? I belong to the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Michigan."

"Do you mean to say," said Peter, "that *that* (pointing to the hoop-skirt) is the uniform of that regiment?"

Here Pat, looking down, discovered that he was encased in the hoops. He divested himself of that incongruous addition to his wardrobe; and standing erect, shillalah in hand, winked pleasantly and genially upon his surviving companion.

"Now," said Peter, "I should like to know, just as a matter of curiosity, what the d—l brought you here?"

"It wasn't that gentleman at all," replied Pat, "I just came by myself."

"And," continued Peter, "you had the impudence to bring a letter clandestinely to my niece."

"Sorra a bit," returned Pat, "I brought it in my pocket."

"Who was it from?" said Peter.

"From the gentleman who wrote it, sure," answered Pat.

"Now, mark me, my fine fellow," continued Peter, "you have laid yourself liable to severe punishment. You have entered my house surreptitiously."

"No, I never," replied Pat; "I entered through the door."

"And," continued Mr. Safeguard, "you are trying to escape the consequences of your misdeeds by an affected simplicity; now it's my opinion you are more knave than fool."

"Begorra," retorted Pat, "and that's more than I can say of you."

"Now, Sir," said Peter, "you will give me the name of your employer or take the consequences."

"If it's all the same to you," said the imperturbable Pat, "I'd rather take a glass of whisky and water."

At this moment the door opened and Mrs. Safeguard appeared, followed by Captain Matchlock.

"There, Sir," said the old lady, with a double-distilled acidulous expression, "there's Mr. Safeguard, since you insist upon seeing him; but if you have any business with him, you'll find that *his* business is *my* business."

"I'm afraid you'll have to make an exception in this case, my dear Madam," said Captain Matchlock, "unless you feel disposed to join the army."

"Sir, if your business is to insult me," retorted Mrs. Peter, "I am inclined to think I *shall* have to make an exception, although my husband *does* seem to be perfectly indifferent in the matter."

"You are Mr. Safeguard, then?" said the Captain, turning to the stupefied Peter.

"The same, Sir, at your service," replied Peter.

"Peter Safeguard," continued the Captain.

"I believe I am indebted to my godfathers for that patronymic, a sequence of a long list of Peters; but, I assure you, I had no choice in the matter," returned Mr. Safeguard.

"Then I have the pleasure of informing you that you have been drafted into the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Michigan."

"Sir," rejoined Peter, "the fact of my having been drafted was made disagreeably public in this morning's paper."

"Very well, Sir," added the Captain, "you will report yourself for examination within fourteen days from to-day, and I hope I shall soon have the gratification of showing you the face of the enemy."

"I assure you, Captain, that I should infinitely prefer seeing the *back* of the enemy in full flight," said Peter.

"That," returned the Captain, "will depend, in a measure, upon your own valor."

"Then," said the despondent Peter, "I think the chances of my witnessing that gratifying spectacle are very remote."

"Mr. Safeguard," broke in his wife, "If I were you I would not exhibit my cowardice to a stranger."

"My love," rejoined Peter, "as I can not afford the price of a substitute, perhaps you wouldn't mind going in my place. The Government would certainly be a gainer, for I don't think there's a rebel regiment would stand before you for a moment."

"By jabers," interposed Pat, "she'd be equal to a whole battery of Parrott guns!"

"You can procure a substitute," suggested the Captain, "for a thousand dollars, or about that sum."

"I'm much obliged to you for the information," returned Peter; "but I really don't feel able to present the Government with that trifling amount of money. Now, Captain, you have seen a good deal of the service. Look at me: do you think I could be of any use?"

"Devil a bit!" exclaimed Pat. "Enlist the old woman."

"Do you think," persisted Peter, "the Government could get any thing out of me, physically?"

"I am afraid the Government will try the experiment," replied the Captain.

"Come," said Peter, imploringly, "find me a way out of this scrape, and I will be eternally indebted to you."

"That's two days longer than I'd let any man be indebted to me," said Pat, with a knowing shake of his head.

"I see no escape for you," said the Captain. "You must either go or pay the price of a substitute."

"Under some circumstances," said Peter, reflectively, "I think I could make great sacrifices for my country; but, unfortunately, those circumstances are not likely to arise."

"Go in, old gentleman," said Pat, with an encouraging smile. "After the first battle you won't mind it."

"I have no doubt," said Peter, "that your prediction would be singularly verified; but, unfortunately, it's the *first* battle I object to."

"Well, then, fight your second one first," retorted Pat, with the triumphant air of a man who had cleverly surmounted an apparently inextricable difficulty.

"You object to joining the ranks, then?" asked the Captain.

"Most decidedly," replied Peter.

"And you equally object to paying a thousand dollars?" continued the Captain.

"No," said Peter, reflectively, "I don't so much object to paying as I do to parting with the money."

"Well," said the Captain, "as I don't think you'd reflect much credit on the service, I'll furnish you with a substitute free of expense."

"My dear Sir," said Peter, seizing the Captain by both hands and shaking them in a fervor of gratitude.

"On *one* condition," added the Captain.

"Oh!" said Peter, with a sudden elongation of his countenance, and dropping the Captain's hands.

"I love your niece, and I have every reason to believe that she loves me," continued the Captain.

"With regard to the latter part of your assertion," exclaimed Mrs. Safeguard, with great asperity, "I can inform you, Sir, that you are very much mistaken."

"Indeed he is not, aunt!" exclaimed a voice, gently but decidedly; "and I think my opinion on that subject is worthy of some consideration."

This opinion conflicting so strongly with her aunt's was uttered by Mary, who now advanced and took the hand of the Captain.

"Now," said the Captain, holding Mary by the hand, "give your consent to our marriage and I will furnish the substitute. If you do not, I think we shall have to manage to do without it."

Peter, whose dread of the army, together with his love of money, combined to excite a rebellion against his better half, reflected a moment, and then, turning to the Captain, exclaimed:

"It's a bargain. Get me out of the scrape, and she is yours."

"I say," exclaimed the angry Mrs. Peter, "he sha'n't have her!"

"Dry up, old woman," interposed Pat, "or we'll have you *grafted* into the army."

"You have my uncle's consent, Charles," said Mary, "and it is quite needless to say you have mine."

Mrs. Safeguard looked from one to the other with amazement.

"Then I suppose," she said, sarcastically, "you have all made up your mind that I am nobody."

"Not a soul," said the irrepressible Pat. "You're neither use nor ornament. You and the old supernumerary can go on to the retired list until his turn comes round again." And then he added, "For he is a poor crathur entirely," nodding to Peter. "I hope that it won't be him, but Patrick Mahoney—long life to him!—that will be grafted into the army."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE following communications are accepted:—"Twenty Greenbacks." "Plum Pudding for Three." "A Case of Sham-pain. By a Re-tale-er." "Will you take some Wedding Cake?"

DECLINED.—"Castor Oil and Catnip Tea." "A Night in the Rain." "Kicks, Slaps, and Thumps." "Good Advice."

THE *Ori-gin* OF EVIL.

A gentleman was about completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little urchin appeared and innocently inquired, "Grandpa, which horse you goin' to sell—that one you built a fire under yesterday to make him draw?" The bargain was at an end.

"You like plenty of nice things, don't you, Johnny? How many cakes did you have at the pastry-cook's yesterday?" "Five; first a sponge-cake, then an almond-cake, then a currant-cake, then a sweet-cake, and then a stoma-cake!"

"Well, Mr. Tree, if you're about to *leave* I shall detain your *trunk*;" exclaimed an incensed landlady to her lodger, who was slightly in arrears.

A clerk in a music-store was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady who wanted to purchase "Mr. Hood's—a—song of the—a—gentleman's under-garment!" The clerk is still alive.

A correspondent tells of a youngster who, on being admonished by his mother not to take all the hash from the dish, because he should leave some for manners, replied, after looking around the table, "Well, I don't see any Manners here to eat it!"

The feast of imagination is described as follows: "When your stomach is empty and your pocket ditto sit down and read a cookery-book."

Good news for husbands—Ladies wear their dresses longer than they used.

A sharp grocer, when a customer who was buying a gallon of molasses observed that a good deal remained in the measure after it was turned, remarked: "There was some in the measure before I drew your gallon."

Mrs. Partington says that Ike, having become enameled of a siren of Boston, has led her to the menial altar. He didn't appear the least bit decomposed. On the back of his wedding cards were little cubebs with wings.

A confirmed old bachelor used the following argument against matrimony: "Calico is a great prompter of laziness. If young men wish to accomplish any thing of moment, either with head or hand, they must keep clear of the institution entirely. A pair of sweet lips, a pink waist, a swelling chest, a pressure of two delicate hands, will do as much to unhinge a man as three fevers, the measles, a large-sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill.

Different sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call to dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dogberry to her daughter, "you should not hold your dress so very high in crossing the street." "Then, ma," replied the maiden, "how shall I ever show the beauty of my flounced pantalets, that have almost ruined my eyesight to manufacture? I'm sure I don't care if the beaux do look at me." Mrs. Dogberry spoke of "the sin of vanity and the beauty of decorum," and walked off to her chamber.

"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady whom he hoped to marry, "do you intend to make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady, "Nature has saved me the trouble."

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because when she appeared man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

A country "chap," who recently visited the city for the first time, gives his views of the ladies in this way: "Somewhere in every circumference of silk and velvet that wriggles along there's allars a woman, I s'pose; but how much of the holler is filled in with meat, and how much is gammon, the spectator dun no. A feller marrys a wife, and finds, when it comes to the p'int, that he has nuthin' in his arms but reg'lar anatomy. Ef men is gay deseevers, wot's to be said of the female that dresses for a hundred and forty weight, but hasn't reely as much fat on her as would grease a griddle?—all the aparient plumpness consisting of cotton and whalebone."

Dr. Parr was not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction. He once called a clergyman a *fool*, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said he would complain of this usage to the bishop. "Do," said the doctor, "and my lord bishop will *confirm* you."

EPIGRAM ON A DRUNKEN SMITH.

"I heard that Smug the smith, for ale and spice,
Sold all his tools, and yet he kept his vice."

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this story was told by Lord Strangford, observed, "Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

THE LOST FOUND.—[Drawn by A. R. Waud.]

JUSTICE
LOUISIANA

MAP OF
LOUISIANA
SCALE OF MILES
LONGITUDE WEST FROM GREENWICH
LONGITUDE WEST FROM WASHINGTON
ARKANSAS
MISSISSIPPI
TEXAS
GULF OF MEXICO
CLAIBORNE
UNION
MOREHOUSE
CARROLL
BIENVILLE
JACKSON
WASHITA
MADISON
CALDWELL
FRANKLIN
TENSAS
DE SOTO
WINN
CATAHOULA
CONCORDIA
RAPIDES
AVOYELLES
WASHINGTON
HELENA
LIVINGSTON
ST TAMMANY
ST LANDRE
CALCASIEU
VERMILION
LAFAYETTE
EAST BATON ROUGE
WEST BATON ROUGE
POINT COUPEE
IBERVILLE
TERRE BONNE
PLAQUEMINE
SHREVEPORT
NATCHITOCHES
ALEXANDRIA
OPELOUSAS
VICKSBURG
JACKSON
NATCHEZ
LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN
CHANDELEUR ISLANDS
SOUTH WEST PASS

LOUISIANA.

LOUISIANA extends from the 29th to the 33d degree of north latitude, and lies between the 89th and 94th degrees of longitude west from Greenwich. Mean annual temperature varies from 73° to 64° Fahr. Area 41,255 square miles, of which, in 1860, 2,707,108 acres were in improved farms, and 6,591,468 in unimproved farms, together valued at $204,789,662; and the value of farming implements and machinery at the same period was $18,648,225.

Surface.—The Delta of the Mississippi occupies nearly one-fourth of the surface of this State. It is entirely composed of alluvium, and its elevation is not more than ten feet above the surface of the Mississippi River, and much of it is annually inundated by the overflow of its waters. The *Levee*, an artificial embankment, commences a short distance below Baton Rouge on the east side, and extends nearly to the mouth of the Mississippi River; and on the west side it extends nearly the entire length of the course of the Mississippi in the State. The southwestern portion of the State consists of salt marsh near the Gulf shore; thence rising slightly inland, it forms extensive and fertile prairies. The region along the Mississippi River, and for 20 to 30 miles west, is annually inundated, and is of exceeding fertility; and so also are the lands bordering the Red River. The northern central portion of the State is slightly elevated, and so also is the ridge between the Red and Sabine rivers. The Mississippi, with its numerous affluents—Red, Washita, etc.—is the great channel of drainage; and in its lower course diverge from it the Atchafalaya, La Fourche, and Iberville, all of which streams enter the Gulf of Mexico. The only other rivers of note are the Pearl, from the State of Mississippi, which flows along a portion of the eastern border of Louisiana, and the Sabine, from Texas, which runs along about three-fourths of its western border. Several lakes occur, the most noted of which are Pontchartrain, Borne, Chemitaches, Calcasieu, etc. It has an entire sea-coast line of about 500 miles, which affords but few good harbors.

The population of the State in 1860 was 708,002, of which 357,629 were whites, 18,647 free colored, and 331,726 were slaves.

Parishes.	Whites.	Free Colored.	Slaves.		Aggregate.	Cotton Bales of 400 lbs. each.
			Black.	Mulatto.		
Ascension..	3,940	168	6,864	512	11,484	684
Assumption	7,189	94	7,041	1,055	15,379	619
Avoyelles..	5,908	74	6,661	524	13,167	20,068
B. Rouge, E.	6,944	532	7,201	1,369	16,046	11,621
B. Rouge, W.	1,850	113	4,890	459	7,312	1,405
Bienville...	5,900	100	4,500	500	11,000	..
Bossier....	3,348	..	7,337	663	11,348	40,028
Caddo....	4,733	69	6,781	557	12,140	9,385
Calcasieu ..	4,452	305	946	225	5,928	640
Caldwell...	2,888	..	1,762	183	4,833	7,296
Carroll....	4,124	20	12,357	1,551	18,052	84,165
Catahoula..	5,492	46	5,538	575	11,651	25,564
Claiborne..	6,996	4	8,920	928	16,848	18,983
Concordia..	1,242	21	12,205	337	13,805	63,971
De Soto....	4,777	14	7,777	730	13,298	16,554
Feliciana, E.	4,081	23	10,148	445	14,697	23,332
Do. W.	2,036	64	8,363	1,208	11,671	21,381
Franklin...	2,758	2	3,038	364	6,162	9,307
Iberville...	3,793	188	10,150	521	14,661	179
Jackson....	5,367	..	3,871	227	9,465	10,687
Jefferson...	9,965	287	4,968	152	15,372	..
Lafayette..	4,309	231	3,392	1,071	9,003	11,530
Lafourche..	7,500	149	4,728	1,667	14,044	476
Livingston.	3,120	..	1,240	71	4,431	1,563
Madison...	1,640	16	11,663	814	14,133	44,870
Morehouse.	3,784	4	5,822	747	10,357	20,982
Natchitoches	6,306	959	8,806	628	16,699	36,887
Orleans....	149,068	10,939	10,891	3,593	174,491	400
Ouachita...	1,887	..	2,757	83	4,727	8,639
Plaquemine	2,595	514	5,284	101	8,494	..
Pt. Coupee.	4,094	721	11,162	1,741	17,718	28,947
Rapides....	9,711	291	13,486	1,872	25,360	49,168
Sabine.....	4,115	..	1,550	163	5,828	5,052
St. Bernard.	1,771	65	2,020	220	4,076	..
St. Charles.	938	177	3,793	389	5,297	..
St. Helena.	3,413	6	3,453	258	7,130	6,484
St. James..	3,348	61	7,114	976	11,499	..
St. J. Bapt..	3,037	299	4,079	515	7,930	..
St. Landry.	10,703	965	10,126	1,310	23,104	21,198
St. Martin's	5,005	311	6,361	997	12,674	4,717
St. Mary's.	3,508	251	12,532	525	16,816	142
St. Tam'any	3,153	412	1,636	205	5,406	200
Tensas.....	1,479	7	14,536	56	16,078	141,493
Terre Bonne	5,234	72	6,032	753	12,091	195
Union.....	6,641	8	3,627	118	10,389	10,843
Vermilion..	3,001	7	1,107	209	4,324	14,405
Washington	2,996	22	1,477	213	4,708	2,735
Winn.....	5,481	41	1,102	252	6,876	2,993
Total...	357,629	18,647	299,103	32,623	708,002	777,738

The great staple product of Louisiana is sugar, of which in 1860 it produced 221,726 hogsheads of 1000 pounds each, and 13,439,772 gallons of molasses. The grain crops of the same period consisted of: wheat, 32,208 bushels produced; rye, 36,065; Indian corn, 16,853,745; oats, 89,377; barley, 224; buckwheat, 160; rice, 6,331,257 pounds; and there were produced of pease and beans, 431,148 bushels; Irish potatoes, 294,665; sweet-potatoes, 2,060,981; 777,738 bales of ginned cotton of 400 pounds each; tobacco, 39,940 pounds; wool, 290,847; hay, 52,721 tons; and there were made at the same period, 1,444,742 pounds of butter; cheese, 6154; and 255,481 pounds of honey. Home-made manufactures were valued at $502,000. The live-stock in 1860 consisted of 78,703 horses; 91,762 asses and mules; 129,662 milch cows; 60,358 working oxen; and other cattle, 326,855; sheep, 181,253; swine, 634,525; valued, in the aggregate, at $24,546,940. Value of animals slaughtered, $2,095,330.

Manufactures, etc.—There were, in 1860, 1744 establishments of industry, with a capital invested in real and personal estate in the business of $7,151,172. The value of raw material consumed was valued at $6,738,486; hands employed, 7873 males and 916 females, producing articles valued at $15,587,473. The internal improvements in 1860 consisted of several lines of railroads, the aggregate length of which amounted to 334 miles, and cost $12,020,204; and there was canal and slack-water navigation amounting in the aggregate to 99 miles.

Education.—The free-school and seminary funds in 1860 amounted to $1,106,113. The superintendent of Public Education in 1860 says: "Our system is very defective in nearly every essential particular, and before we can possibly realize the benefits which should flow from the large amounts annually expended for the purpose of carrying it out, it is absolutely necessary that the same be entirely remodeled and placed upon a more practical foundation."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NORTHERN teacher, who in the far South is now striving to teach "the young idea how to shoot," writes as follows:

"Our schools are three in number, and contain about 235 pupils. Many more could be gathered, but the rooms are full. I have a primary school for the little ones of both sexes, with intermediate schools for the larger boys and girls. The previous training of these children must have been peculiar, and their ideas of order are very crude. One of my larger scholars told me yesterday at recess that he thought he learned more at this school than he ever did before; that his old teacher did nothing but sit and chew tobacco and spit on the floor, adding that the teacher was a '*lady*.'

"I noticed some of the little fellows chewing tobacco and spitting upon the floor. I objected to the latter process, but said nothing about the former. I was somewhat amused the next morning to notice that they had brought *small spittoons*."

"Now, *we* do not think that last-mentioned idea so very "*crude*." On the contrary, we are inclined to the opinion that those Southern children may be "reckoned" as being at least *one* step in advance of a large class of grown-up New Yorkers, in regard to the subject of—we may as well use the vernacular—*spitting*. We believe in the undisputed right of every man—and every woman, too, for that matter, "free and equal" right to all, is the popular doctrine nowadays—to spit upon his own parlor carpet as much as he pleases, *provided* his wife and children are also pleased. That is his own legal property, or is supposed to be, and he is entitled to ornament it according to his own taste. But this promiscuous spitting in public places is quite another matter, and becomes a serious annoyance in our city cars. How often a man enters a car, and "fires a salute" the very first thing, before he has taken two steps inside! Or, if it chance that he sits by an open window, it never occurs to him to use the street as a spittoon—oh no! it is too much trouble to turn his head, the floor is more convenient. This is not so much to be wondered at when it is remembered how frequently it is necessary for some individuals to expectorate. We "*timed*" it the other day. About midway in the car was a—well—not to put too fine a point upon it—a man, dressed like a gentleman, earnestly engaged in conversation. He carried on double business, however, and "discharged" at pretty regular intervals of about thirty-three and a half seconds during a ride of nearly an hour, to the great apparent disgust of a lady who sat opposite, and to the imminent danger of her dress.

A stupid-looking individual sat in the corner of a car the other day, chewing his cud, and enjoying the scenery through an open window. Every now and then, however, he complaisantly turned his face within, and aimed his *revolver* apparently at the dress of a lady opposite. Presently he hit his mark. The lady looked immensely disgusted, and drew her drapery away as far as possible. Presently the man hit his mark again, though he was too absorbed to notice either success. It was too much! "Sir," said the indignant lady, pointing emphatically to her soiled silk dress, "I'll thank you to spit out of the window!"

Another incident of a similar nature came under our observation a week or two since. A lady was riding in the Eighth Avenue cars, accompanied by a little girl of some four years old, very tastefully dressed, as mothers like to dress their little pets. The seats being filled, the child stood near the door, apparently delighted with the motion of the car beneath her feet. The car stopped; a man came from the further end, but just as he reached the door he "discharged his farewell shot," which lodged on the embroidered frock of the little girl. You might have lighted a match at the lady's eyes as, with an appearance of extreme loathing, she wiped the filthy spot with her delicate handkerchief.

If it were only the genuine article—the "pure juice of the grape," so to speak—that came out of a man's mouth, one would not mind so much if accidents did happen. But such filthy adulterations and mixtures. Ugh!—we won't linger on the subject, but beg some ingenious Yankee to invent a small, patent, pocket-spittoon, and put it into the market at once.

Some lady, who doubtless has been half-submerged in mud while attempting to cross Broadway amidst the thronging multitude of men and horses, suggests that our city authorities be requested to construct a causeway by which pedestrians, and especially ladies, may cross Broadway without peril to life and limb. She furthermore inquires, "Could not a light Suspension Bridge be thrown across Broadway from the terminus of the cars, at the Astor House, to the opposite corner, and thus enable passengers to cross in safety that now almost impassable thoroughfare?"

If such a plan were practicable it would certainly add greatly to the comfort and safety of the community in general; as well as lighten the labors of the attentive policemen, who are always ready to give such aid as is possible to ladies in crossing the street.

At the New England dinner which is annually given in New York city in commemoration of the Pilgrim Fathers' Day, the following toast was given: "*Woman*—the strong staff and beautiful rod which sustained and comforted our forefathers during every step of the Pilgrims' Progress."

Mr. Theodore Tilton being invited to respond to this, made some pithy allusions to the Pilgrim *mothers*, two or three of which we quote for the benefit of our readers:

"There was good Mistress Bradford, whose feet were not allowed of God to kiss Plymouth Rock, and who, like Moses, came only near enough to see but not to enter the promised land. She was washed overboard from the deck—and to this day the sea is her grave, and Cape Cod her monument. There, also, was Rose Standish—whose name is a perpetual June fragrance, to mellow and sweeten those December winds. And there, too, was Mrs. Winslow, whose name is even more than a fragrance; it is a taste; for, as the advertisements say, 'children cry for it;' it is a *soothing sirup*. Then, after the first vessel, with these women, there came other vessels, with other women—loving hearts drawn from the olden land by those silken threads which afterward harden into golden chains. For instance, Governor Bradford, a lonesome widower, went down to the sea-beach, and, facing the waves, tossed a love-letter over the wide ocean into the lap of Alice Southworth in old England, who caught it up, and read it, and said, 'Yes, I will go.' And she went! And it is said that the Governor, at his second wedding, married his first love. Which, according to the New Theology, furnishes the providential reason why the first Mrs. Bradford fell overboard!"

The orator stated that such of the Pilgrim Fathers as found good wives had doubtless their full share of matrimonial thorns in the flesh. For example, an early New England epitaph on a tombstone is in these words:

"Obediah and Sarah Wilkenson—*Their warfare is accomplished*." And among the early statutes of Connecticut there was one which said: "No Gospel minister shall unite people in marriage; the civil magistrates shall unite people in marriage; as they may do it with *less scandal* to the Church."

In closing, the following advice was given; whether it had the effect to shorten or to lengthen the feast, is not recorded:

"The cottages of our forefathers had few pictures on the walls, but many families had a print of 'King Charles's Twelve Good Rules,' the eleventh of which was, 'Make no long meals.' Now King Charles lost his head, and you will probably make a long meal. But when, after your long meal, you go home in the wee small hours, what do you expect to find? You will find my toast—'Woman, a *beautiful rod!*' Now, my advice is, '*Kiss the rod!*'"

A London journal presents a somewhat lengthy communication from a New York correspondent on the subject of dress, particularly that style of dress which ladies sometimes appear in (or rather out of), and which is somewhat singularly called *full* dress. This writer—after remarking that, although fashionable New York ladies are not at all squeamish about low-necked dresses at balls and parties, yet they do shrink from appearing in *full dress* at places which are open to the public—relates an incident with a moral.

The lady referred to in the following story had some unpleasant experiences in attempting to disregard the tacit understanding among her sex in regard to the unsuitableness of certain styles of apparel in public places.

"She belonged to an ultra-fashionable set, and having married a South Carolina planter, affected no little scorn of simple-mannered, reserved New England folk. She was at Newport one season, and having just returned from Europe, took great airs upon herself. One evening at the tea-table a gentleman with whom she had a very slight acquaintance sat down near her, and the butter-plate before him happening to have no butter-knife by it, he used his own perfectly fresh, bright knife to take a bit of butter. He was a man of culture and social standing, but a Yankee, and one whose social pretension she wished to flout. She seized the opportunity, and calling a waiter, said in an elaborately subdued, but decided, tone, 'Take away that butter. That gentleman has had his knife in it.' He took no notice of the remark, which drew all eyes upon him and upon the lady; but by-and-by she stretched out her hand, and took from the plate some chipped dried beef, which stood between her and her victim. This was well enough, of course; but he turned at once, and calling a waiter, said, only as if he were asking for more tea, 'Take away that dried beef, this lady has had her fingers in it.' In this encounter, such as it was, he was thought to have had the best of it, and she did not forgive or forget. So a few days afterward, they being at dinner, she, conspicuous in the full dress she had adopted since her tour to Europe, and which was so very 'full' that it would have attracted attention under any circumstances, took one from a dish of fresh figs before her, and putting it on a plate, handed it to him with an expression of complaisance, but saying in a tone of unmistakable significance, which could be heard all around her, 'A fig for you, Sir.' He accepted it graciously, and taking in his turn a leaf from the garniture of the dish, offered it to her with 'A fig-leaf for you, Madam.' She fled the table, and kept her room until her intended victim left the hotel. It was generally agreed that he had done what a gentleman would shrink from doing; but the provocation was such that he was held guiltless of offense, and applauded for his wit; and nobody, except perhaps a few of her slave-holding friends, pitied her."

The other day a respectably-dressed individual called at an undertaker's in this city, and, nearly choked with sobs, and with a white handkerchief employed in wiping the tears from his eyes, informed the lady in attendance that his dear wife was dead, and that he desired the best coffin in the store. She showed him a number, and at length, when his grief had somewhat subsided, he selected one at the price of $25, which he directed to be sent to a certain number in Henry Street. He took out a well-filled pocket-book and handed the lady a $100 bill. Not suspecting that a man who was laboring under such a misfortune could be a rogue, she changed the bill, giving him $75, after which he departed. It was soon after discovered that the $100 bill was counterfeit, and that a coffin was not at present required at the house designated by the impostor.

An extraordinary marriage recently took place in Philadelphia, the bridegroom being rather below middle stature, and weighing only one hundred and forty pounds, while the bride weighed five hundred and eighty-five pounds.

The English language fairly deserves some such criticism as the Frenchman made, who, in attempting to study our grammar, complained bitterly of the irregular verbs. For instance, said he: "Ze verb to go. Did you ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper: "I go, thou departest, he clears out, we cut stick, ye or you make tracks, they absquatulate. *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* What disregular verbs you have in your English language!"

A French chemist has invented, for summer use, a fuel of this description: Ground charcoal, four parts; starch, one part; made into paste balls, which are dried. When kindled, they will burn without flame or smoke a long time with intense heat. A four-ounce cake will boil one gallon of water, it is said.

A good story with a good moral is never amiss, especially if every one practices upon the lesson inculcated:

"A poor man who lived near a worthy deacon, occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk. One morning he came when the family were at breakfast. The good wife rose to wait upon him, but the deacon said, 'Wait till after breakfast.' She did so, and meantime the deacon made some inquiries of the man about his family and circumstances. After family worship, the deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him. When they got into the yard, the deacon, pointing to one of the cows, exclaimed, 'There, take that cow, and drive her home.' The man thanked him heartily for the cow, and started for home; but the deacon was observed to stand in the attitude of deep thought until the man had gone some rods. He then looked up, and called out, 'Hey, bring that cow back.' The man looked around, and the deacon added, 'Let that cow come back, and you come back, too.' He did so, and when he came back into the yard again, the deacon said, 'There, now take your pick out of the cows; I ain't going to lend to the Lord the poorest cow I've got!'"

Not long since an eminent divine in the State of Illinois (it won't do to mention dates, places, or names) visited a distant town for the purpose of preaching the dedicatory sermon in the new church. Court was in session, and on Saturday evening the Judge and lawyers congregated together in a room, and amused themselves by card-playing and story-telling. The divine, at the request of a lawyer, visited the room. Coming upon the group so suddenly they were unable to hide their cards and w——y. The divine looked on a while, and then, raising his hat, invited the gentlemen present to attend church the next day and hear him preach. This they agreed to do, and Sunday found Judge and lawyers seated in the "Amen corner." The sermon over, the minister announced:

"Friends, the citizens of this town have built a fine church; there is still fifteen hundred dollars due. We propose to raise money by subscription to-day, and [eying the Judge] I go one hundred dollars; who goes better?" The Judge, glancing at the lawyers, slowly responded, "I see your hundred." "Thank you, brother," says the divine, "will any one raise it?" looking at the same time at lawyer No. 1. The lawyer saw he was in for it, and quietly responded, "I go a hundred blind," and so on through the list. The divine raked down the bar and their money, until the scene closed by a sharp, shrill voice announcing, "I see the last hundred and 'call' you!"

Our readers can imagine the astonishment of the congregation. We venture, however, that those lawyers will not soon invite the divine to witness a "social game of whist" where men "see" each other, "go it blind," and call the hand.

ONE of the most marked features of the present fashion is the omnipresence of ruffling. Embroidery and even lace have both been swept away before it as chaff before a whirlwind. Every lady garnishes her clothing now with ruffling, for the plainest and least expensive ruffling is considered more elegant than the most extraordinary embroidery. In view of this enormous demand for ruffling, the MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY bears the same relation to the female toilet that the steam engine does to the traveling world. For in the old days when ruffles were but little worn, many women spent all the moments they could glean from necessary duties in the never-ending and fearfully tedious toil of hemming them. And yet how pitiful and mean the hand-made ruffling is when compared with the brilliant and perfect articles fabricated by the MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY, which, in their perfect evenness and sustained beauty, seem rather a work of art than one of domestic manufacture. Those garments which are not bordered with magic ruffling nowadays may be said to be only "half made up," and to come to a most "lame and impotent conclusion."—*New York Leader.*

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[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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